

CRUD

#1 Free!



THE LOAD LEVELERS

QUICK 66



Columns, Show Reviews, Audio Reviews, Zine Reviews and not much more!!!

STRAIGHT FROM THE CRAPPER BY IGUANA MAN

Like some super hi-tech, laser guided bomb, this 'zine is dropping on your head. Out of the nether world of the demise of our former 'zine Thorozine comes Crud. Cutting the crusty bonds of our sleep state cocoon we are immersing. So what the fuck? Living in the dark world of clubs and band basement parties, we have heard, learned, smelled, and tasted the scene as it is today. And how is it? Oh, Shit! Life kisses you on the lips and then kicks you in the balls. While walking on our way to the next show at the Motorsport (or was it the Lake Union Pub?), we got hit by the tidal wave called Grunge. That tsunami washed over the land taking the no prisoners and transforming the music world into wannabes and transplanted 'locals'. Well for all the bad or good it did the world, we survived. Now all the junkies, fad following musicians and their hangers on have focused their impotent attention on Austin, this world is seeing some kind of Fun. Man, you put a national spotlight on something and the first casualty is Fun. All of a sudden everyone got serious about their tunes. All the creative interplay of styles and goofing off became a business. Life changed. Everybody grew up. Well not everybody. Sure we got jobs that paid more than minimum wage and we stayed in a job for more than six months. But underneath all the pillar of society and salt of the earth bullshit is a burning heart of rage. Something that can't be bought off or smothered. Something that makes you rage when someone says something really stupid or racist. You really want to bust their head but instead you get up in their face. You say that they better wise up or someone will fuck them up for being such an idiot. And by the way, they should shut the fuck up!

Rage. The one thing that shows itself in rebellion, in resistance, in a sense of justice. Call this rage Punk, Metal, or Industrial. It doesn't matter because whatever it is, it is still here. No one has calmed our concerns or made the world a place of justice.

But that's not the all of it. By no means! Maybe I'm mistaken. Maybe it isn't rage. Maybe it is passion. Because with rage, you don't get love. But with passion you get both. Rage and love: the burning in your heart and in your loins. Without passion, it means nothing. Once the fire is out life has entered the down slide of the bell curve. You read? Without passion, no heroics of love or justice would ever occur. No volume would be raised emotionally,

vocally, musically, or politically. We could sit back like stepford citizens and live our emasculated/histerectomied lives in dull seclusion. Oh, yea, pass me the Cheesy Poofs!

Without love you can't have the downside: the loss of love. How many great songs are about the loss of love or the relief of getting rid of someone you once loved? Forgive this rambling spew of heart felt crap. But I gotta tell ya, without the up the down is even harder to take.

So where was I? Oh yea, passion. Passion is what got us here. That is me and Spit. We have struggled, fucked up, procrastinated, and hassled each other. Sheeit! CRUD is here and in your hands! Read it. Steal it from your friends. Mail copies to your cousin.

So we want to help spread the passion.

LOUD & REPUGNANT BY SPIT

Well fuck, it took us months and months but finally we managed to get #1 out. It was very frustrating at times, after 2 failed attempts at putting out a zine in past 3 years, I was beginning to think that the 3rd time would be a curse, not a charm. It took so long that some of the bands I interviewed began to think that it was never going to come out, I'm thinking of a certain person who pours me beer sometimes, you know who you are! I was even considering calling the zine SLUG but finally Iggy and I, along with some MUCH NEEDED HELP from some TOTALLY AWESOME PEOPLE like LILLY WARNER, CHRIS BUTZ, BOB, AVG., KEITH JOHNSON, and BRENT from Last Chance Records, we finally got this little zine together. A big THANK YOU to all the aforementioned people - you rage!!!!

Crud will mostly cover bands from the punk rock side of life, ya know, hardcore, pop punk, ska, emo, straightedge, and all the other categories too. But we're not going to be exclusive to the punk genre. For one, in future issues we're going to interview metal bands, we all have our metal roots and don't you deny it!! Basically, we're up to covering anything that interests us, and maybe you! Anyone interested in writing reviews, columns, articles, doing a scene report, or interviewing bands contact us, we could sure use your help.

We missed a bunch of shows that could've been reviewed like the Business, DOA, No Use For A Name, and lots of local ones but that's life. We'll get as many as we can in, but our weekends are not always ours to do with as we please. I know the review sections are pretty slim but once we start getting free promo's (hopefully) from record labels it'll grow. We'll review just about anything sent to us and we encourage local bands to send in their demos and CD's.

The plan for CRUD is to grow in size and content. I personally will endeavor to make sure that at least 6 bands get interviewed in issue #2.

OK everyone, that's all I really want to say for now, until #2, do whatever it takes as long as you don't fuck up kids or the innocent.

Contact us at CRUD

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To order a copy of this glorious first issue by mail: Send \$2 (US) postage paid for US and \$4 (US) postage paid for outside the USA.

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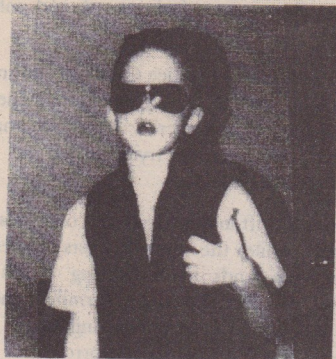
Details

2000 issues for our maiden voyage.
3000 for the next issue. (Watch out Ten Things)
Coming out quarterly. (We'll try.)

Ad Rates and Sizes

Issue 2 will have a print run of 3000.
1/4 Page (3.5W x 4.75H) = \$25
1/2 Page (7.5W X 4.75H) = \$50
Full Page (6.5W X 10H) = \$100
Unsigned bands contact us for special rates.

A MEMORIAL PAGE TO RICHARD DEAN FITZGERALD



AKA:

- The Hammer
- King of Chaos
- Slick Ricky
- Slick Fitzroy
- God of Thunder
- Ricky Fitzgerald
the King, the
Best in the World

March 25, 1972 – February 6, 2000

I first met Rick "The Hammer" Fitzgerald in 1989 in some apartments across the street from Mountlake Terrace High School. It was a month or two before he joined **Waste King**, a five piece metalcore/crossover band. They were around for about two years and played shows with the likes of the **Jesters of Chaos**, **Subvert**, **Dumt**, **Sabre**, **Face First**, and **Outright** among others. **Waste King** included members that went on to be in **10:07** and **Inhumane**. Rick himself played in several bands over the years, including **Stuck** and **The Tortured**.

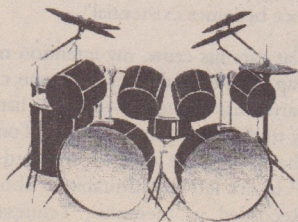
His favorite bands included the **Dwarves**, **Zeke**, the **Misfits**, **Motorhead**, **Kiss**, **AC/DC**, **GBH**, the **Melvins**, **Poison Idea**, **Joan Jett**, and a lot of others.

Rick had many nicknames but I always loved using The Hammer since I came up with it. The first time I called him that was at an **Outright** show somewhere in Everett in '89 or '90. After I called him that, he looked at me all wide eyed and dumfounded and said, "What's up nail?" Nail never stuck but Hammer sure did. I can still picture him saying that as clear as if it were yesterday.

Rick was buried on Saturday, February 12th, 2000 in Brier, WA. in the lower plateau of the Abby View Memorial Cemetery. I hope that he's somewhere in the spirit world laughing at all of our mundane problems. I'm sure going to miss him, he will always be my friend.

Spit

*Slicky
Ricky* ♥



SLICK
FITZROY

BOB SPELLED BACKWARDS

BY bob

The table is set. The flickering light of the candle flame centerpiece burns true. Rusting silverware is strewn about the table atop a decomposing blanket with ripped binding, mystery stains, and cigarette burns. The blanket from an unhappy childhood which serves as a table cloth on the forest stump I have chosen for the stage upon which my midnight snack will re-enact some dark Shakespearean tragedy under this full moon

My dead Grandmother's antique gravy dish full of red wine is positioned above my tarnished mess-kit plate. The forest serenades me and I stare down the meal in front of me: a human heart...my heart, marinated in its own juices. A side of chicken gizzards and coleslaw surrounds the main course, and my eyes are drenched in this image, and my ears are alive with the surrounding environs of nature's mantra.

This is the kind of banquet one must devour alone. A once in a lifetime meal. The last supper. I quietly blow out the candle, the mantra fades, and the blackness echoes with the sound of a heartbeat...my heartbeat.

Alone.

As this vision of meal, table, and forest vanish from my consciousness, they are replaced by the banshee-like shriek of my alarm clock. I rub my eyes and open them to the sound of wind and rain. When I looked outside the window at the waterfall cascading off the roof of my side of the small duplex I call home, I remembered I was supposed to clean the gutters last spring. It is now winter. As I watched the dead leaves and pine-cones blow down the street and splash through puddles, I wonder how much of an influence the elements have over inanimate objects. Objects like dice.

I started going to sleep with a pair of dice next to my pillow about two years ago. Every morning when I wake up I roll the dice. In my optimistic though jaded outlook on life, I've decided every day is a game of chance, so why not start each one shooting craps. Today I rolled a six: the first landed on two, the second on four.

I don't look to the dice to foretell my future, or even give me a particular bent for the day. The rolling of the dice is more like a morning meditation. A morning ritual like brushing your teeth or shaving. Something random to ponder over the randomness of any random day. It is only when I forget to roll the dice that I feel uneasy or vulnerable towards that randomness.

Lately it seems as though those dice have stolen my ambition. It seems like over the last two years the dice have taken my animation as I slept, and in return I have become only a tool of chance rolling myself through day after day, week after week, month after month.

Today, however, I have a four and a two, the wind and the rain...and marijuana.

I ran out of good pot yesterday, but miraculously I still have a stash of cheap dirt-weed from my recent road trip to the deep south. You have to smoke a lot to get high, but for the price...what the hell.

I start to roll a joint but the paper rips so I have to Frankenstein it together by fashioning a Band-Aid out of the sticky edge of another rolling paper. After an exhaustive but unfruitful search for a lighter, I settle for matches. I light my Biloxi-bomber of bunkness and close my eyes as I exhale a cloud the same color as those stormtrooping the skies outside.

As the roach smolders in the Lucky bottle-cap I call an ashtray and my eyes come back into focus, I step into the kitchen. I find a knife, and I proceed to slice the skin on my right foot between the big toe and 'the one that stayed home'. I watch the thick blood trickle and let some drip into a little tin goblet. I top off the goblet with port-wine, stir it with my thumb, and swallow it hard. Just another little ritual like flushing twice before leaving the bathroom, or kissing the photograph of a beloved family member before leaving the house.

Now it's time to open the door to the overflowing gutters, the grayness of the day, and step out into it. But not before throwing some shoes over that fresh cut and saluting myself with a pointed middle-finger in the tiny Budweiser mirror I won at the Puyallup Fair when I was twelve for tossing a nickel into a glass (or something equally random). My reflection smirks reassuringly back at me, and as I cross the threshold I decide that ritual is what gives us direction and purpose. As the northwest chill rakes me with fridity, I realize that I only have six dollars and no place to go anyway so I grab the mail and return to my door.

On the way inside I am met by my freaky, gray and black swirly-coated, six toed freak cat who adopted me five years ago. I have raised him from kittenhood. But today he's not alone...he is dragging a freshly killed crow: body limp and eyes rolling empty.

I take the crow and pluck it in the kitchen sink. I then clean it and light the small kitchen gas stove. I cut off the head and cook up boneless crow filets along with a can of Chef-Kat deluxe dinner catfood. I like to reward Gray Cat when he catches his own food. He seems to enjoy my cooking.

I light a candle and notice that stuck to the fridge with a Domino's pizza magnet is a piece of paper scrawled with the words: "By keeping ones sanity in question, reality becomes relative and existence becomes existential".

As Gray Cat eats his crow, my attention moves to the cheap, broke down stereo in one corner of the apartment. Lately I've been listening obsessively to this cheesy love song by Tony Joe White. The twenty-five cent used record store bargain LP hasn't left my turntable in about six weeks. Recorded in Memphis, Tennessee in

December of 1970 the song "My Kinda Woman" has some of the corniest lyrics ever. The music is pure swamp-funk with enough wah-pedal fuzz to make the guys in Mudhoney put hand-over-heart in allegiance and bow their heads in homage.

While Mr. White's guitar laden groove sets my foot tapping, I fashion a gruesome sort of dream catcher fetish of my own design. Using the tail feathers, claws, and the decapitated head of the dead crow, I use guitar-strings to create a crude mobile which I Scotch-tape to the ceiling above my bed.

I roll another joint of dirt-weed and inhale. Exhale.

As I lay back in bed I notice Grey Cat snoring at my feet and I say to myself out loud, "The cat has four feet, and the crow has two...maybe that's what the dice were trying to tell me! No ... I must be stoned."

My thoughts drift into a stream of consciousness daydream, while the mobile casts grotesque shadows and sends them floating across the room, singing random songs, forming random forms, and maybe even whispering to the dice how to fall when I roll them tomorrow.

"Sskth, sskth, sskth...", the record has found the end of its groove.

CAUD

CAROLYN'S CORNER

On being alive at the end of the Twentieth Century.

The world is a fucked up place. No one seems to have a good reason for being here. There are so many things wrong, it hardly seems possible to describe just what needs to change. We live in a world of 'ifs'; if this was different, if that would start, if they would stop, or if, if, if.

Americans are blind to their own captivity, bribed into submission by conveyance and comfort. They are fooled into believing in the biggest lie of all time; their own freedom. Americans have very little real freedom, sure we have the freedom to break the rules, but at a cost. You see we live in a country where nothing is free. I ask you, how can you have freedom of choice at a cost? It is a huge contradiction but no one seems to notice. Folks speak up for this country with the tired old cry of, "Only in America can you say such things." And they're right because only in America are people so deaf and dumb that they won't change no matter what you tell or even show them. Only in America can people turn a blind eye to murder, rape, and genocide while claiming to be the standard of human rights. And if that weren't bad enough, the government that we are supposed to control, actually trades with dictators. We sell them the means to destroy whole cultures, then click our tongues to ourselves and our allies, and say, "Oh how terrible, that's wrong, oh you shouldn't do that." Meanwhile our allies are all playing the same

game and we turn a blind eye. The only thing I just can't seem to understand is why no one seems to care. Everyone is so wrapped up in their comfy little lives that they are completely willing to live this great lie and turn a blind eye, so long as things stay easy for us. I wish we would admit to ourselves that we don't really give a shit about human rights. Hell's Bells, America practiced genocide and slavery. We'd probably still have slaves if the south hadn't tried to succeed from the Union, no matter how many bleeding heart liberals spoke out against it. Rich folks rule the world 'cause they can buy the biggest guns, tallest fences, and the most hired help. (It never fails to amaze me what folks won't do for a buck). Things never change unless it's best for the rich folks, no matter how many poor folks demand it. All the so called "revolutions" of the past were mere shams. The power never left the hands of the rich, the wealth was captured and redistributed by a different group, just as small and exclusive as the first. The poor are once again fooled into believing in their own self-determination, fooled into believing in their own freedom. It's a harsh fact that rules prohibit freedom, yet we are so removed from the chaos of the natural world that without them we are lost. Memorizing a list of rules does not instill a sense of right and wrong.

If people would stop taking money to do things they shouldn't, then maybe we humans could get over this unnatural obsession with material wealth and learn to like each other again. It's pretty simple really, all we got to do is stop lying to, stealing from, and killing each other. Easier said than done, huh? Too bad ain't it. At the bottom of it all, I believe, is a damage to the spirit that occurs shortly after birth when babies learn not to trust. This is what happens when parents put the baby down alone. The first time the baby becomes aware of being alone trust is lost. The way we humans take care of our offspring now, it's no wonder that we don't trust each other. Since it happens so early in life we can hardly understand how it affects us. So I find it unlikely that we, as a society, are going to change for the kinder any time soon. Too Bad.

On genetically engineered foods

I heard a person say that if someone objected to eating genetically engineered foods that they should "vote with their pocketbooks." I found that to be an insult, or at least an outrageously stupid thing to say. Only a fool could ignore the arrogance of such a statement. If change were dependent on voting with one's pocketbook than the rich would be in total control. The poor can't afford to affect change with money they don't have. How can people be expected to go without food in order to make a point? The foods that have genetically engineered ingredients are the most common staples of all. How can you ask the poor to pay extra for organic foods, when they barley get enough as is? This sounds pretty bad to me.

The Taboo of Incest

The Taboo of incest has weakened humans and the plants and animals to which they have subjected there selective breeding programs. Have you ever wondered why humans catch diseases, but animals don't? Do you realize that cats and dogs get sick too? I think about things like this all the time and I've come up with a few ideas of my own. I must first say that Darwin's theory of evolution has been my most important scientific influence. I have found that many of our most bizarre, mysterious, and important traditions and traits boil down to simple strategies that for whatever reasons worked to the advantage of our ancestors, in at least reproducing viable offspring. It occurs to me that the bonds of extended family started out as a very important behavior in the earliest hominids. However, living in families led to the repulsion to breed with members of ones own family, it would be more advantageous to find mates from outside groups, for many reasons, just as forming families had been. These patters of behavior must have formed very early among humans, because the family, marriage, and incest taboos are universal among humanity. As diverse and contradictory as human cultures are, it seems odd that they would have all developed the same basic pattern of behaviors, unless the behaviors developed before humans spread out into Europe and Asia.

The humans who migrated out of Africa took with them the taboo that prevents incest; this taboo has greatly suppressed the forces of natural selection. Instead of eliminating the genes which make an animal resistant to disease, forbidding incest ensures that natural selection will be avoided as much as possible by attacking the germs instead of allowing evolution to attack the weak genes in the species. This is the reason why humans in all parts of the world can interbreed, why the "races" all not separate species. If the early humans had not avoided incest, the weakest families would have died out. Over time humans with a resistance to disease would have emerged.

I believe that many of our problems stem from this diversion away from natural selection. Our over-population, for one, would most certainly be a side effect of disrupting evolution. What other creatures procreate at such an insane rate? Some might be tempted to call upon the classic example of the weevils, which when provided with enough flour will self-destruct by overpopulating. The thing is this is a man-made situation, not likely to occur in nature. That's what humans do, they cheat their way out of death. Instead of adapting to nature we adapt nature to our needs. The better we get at surviving this way, the weaker the species becomes. If we lost any number of key technologies, nature would surly call our bluff. The price would be countless lives. Not only human lives, but the animals that depended on humans as well.

This brings me to my point about the domesticated animals that humans have subjected to their breeding programs. The only other species that are as weak as humans are our domesticated animals. This happens throughout the farm, from cows to corn, farmer's breed for the traits that they want and in doing so they breed out traits which protect the organism, not only from germs but pests as well. The traits themselves are often a liability for the plant or animal involved. If these species were to be left to their own they would die out quicker than they were created. Except for the newest members of the farm, the genetic engineering of many new farm species may give them a real edge, but only time will tell. How long could a brood sow live once she had her first gigantic litter? Without the farmer to feed her how could she find enough food to sustain her great bulk? What about seedless fruit varieties, how long would they last without human intervention? Farming's greatest goal is to do away with diversity, but it's that diversity which makes wild species so hardy.

If human beings hadn't slowed their own evolution, than perhaps humans would be not only hardier, but exist in a variety of hominid species. By slowing evolution and concentrating on ever more complex technologies, humans never became specialists in their own niche. Even though humans migrated far and wide and became isolated in many different environments, they never adapted physical traits that were severe enough to make them a separate species. Perhaps not enough time elapsed in isolation, after all humans are a pretty young species. Perhaps many well-established species of today were once like us, a species that found a loophole in nature that allowed even the weak to procreate. Like a house of cards built on a borrowed table, sooner or later the foundations going to leave, taking the cards down with it.

Thoughts on Mars, our celestial neighbor.

I have noticed a strange pattern of failures in our efforts to observe the red planet. One of the most perplexing, controversial, and important questions has been mostly ignored by the media, and hence the mainstream public. The fact however, still remains that there are pictures that were successfully taken of Mars and more than one of them shows something that looks a hell of a lot like a face to me. I'm not the only one either; there are a lot of people who think that it looks "man-made". At the very least it deserved a better look at, the question needs to be settled. Is there a face on Mars? Are there indeed pyramids and spiral mounds? The pictures I've seen absolutely defy logic to defend any natural causes that could be responsible for their existence. A coincidence? One maybe, but several in the same area becomes quite difficult to believe. What I'm saying is that the photos lead me to believe that there are "man-made" structures on Mars!! I would think that evidence of extra-terrestrial life would be the biggest discovery. Every time they

send a spacecraft to orbit Mars it fails to send back any data. Again, I ask myself, coincidence? And once again, I think no. It occurs to me that some people might not like the idea that the human race has some connection to the dormant planet. Think about it, if we have ancestors from a planet that is now dead, then it figures that it must have been alive once. If Mars once supported life, and this life included sentient life capable of inter planetary travel (at least once), then what happen to Mars? I for one think one theory would blame the very technology that made the Martian escape possible. In other words, they poisoned the planet rendering it uninhabitable, then they made an escape to earth and in doing so they lost the technology which destroyed Mars, or so they thought. The fatal flaw in the species was not lost, only latent. Today we utilize technologies that are certainly capable of harming the Earth's environment, whether we will destroy the biosphere or not is uncertain. Knowing this theory, backed up by real evidence might be enough to scare humans into making real changes. The last thing in the world the status quo ever wants is change. To the rich and powerful, slow and steady progress is all that is acceptable, of course they are the beneficiaries of such "progress". It's just such progress that introduced humans to conditions such as poverty, pollution, and war to name a few. I think the government of the U.S. is deliberately and covertly blocking all efforts to reassess the area on Mars in question. The fact that there has been a recent successful mission on Mars doesn't disprove that, in point of truth it

supports it. If this effort to deceive the public is true than what better way to cloud the issue than to allow some contact with Mars. If all efforts to Mars failed it might be too suspicious, this way there is believable deniability.

What's Wrong With The World.

There are so many things wrong with the world that I hardly know where to begin, so I think it's best to start at the beginning. The way we humans treat our young now is despicable. So cold are we to our infants that they grow up never trusting anyone or anything. So great is their need for comfort that they are willing to lie, cheat, and steal in order to satisfy it but they are never able to find just the right something that will make up for all they were denied in childhood: love, attention, encouragement and most importantly, security. Trust is built on a foundation of stability which is created by a bond formed at birth. This bond grows exponentially as the baby grows and develops. If the bonding is interrupted, the ability to trust will be affected. In my humble opinion, the practice of putting a baby to sleep in a crib by itself destroys the future adults ability to trust as well as their ability to maintain personal relationships with other people. Without trust we become cold hearted, bitter, stingy, and quite often alone. The fact that the damage is done to us at such a young age makes it hard to recognize when the mistrust is affecting our lives. I think the world would be a nicer place if people would be honest and kind.

Seems like a dumb thing to say but I don't see too many folks trying to make it so. Who's going to be honest if they don't trust each other, that's why people lie, they don't trust others with the truth. People have been thinking that everyone is out for number one for so long now that most people are. Society is based on that trust, without it we would prey on each other like a proverbial pack of starving wolves. Believe you me, it won't be a pretty picture when the fabric of our society starts tearing apart at the seams. The situation becomes grimmer each generation. It is considered normal to put children, even babies, in day care even though the level of care and attention is dramatically lower in these situations. No one seems to notice that the family is becoming a thing of the past. Some people are having babies just so they can buy all the more consumer goods. The way it's going now I doubt that we'll last long. One can't expect to heal a plant with root rot by pulling all of its leaves off. I don't expect most Americans to understand what it is that I'm saying, because most Americans are blinded by the ease and comfort of modern living, they are corrupted by it. Who would want to give up hot and cold running water for the environment? Or TV for world peace? Nobody, that's who. You think anyone would give up his or her car? How about their warm houses? Hell no. That is why things won't change, because we all got it too easy. We are all trapped in a downward spiral, helpless to stop our own destruction.

CRUD



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"Beer Brawlin' Fun"

by Spit

Quick 66 have been around for about 6 years. During that period of time the three longest standing members have been guitarist/vocalist

Squiggy, guitarist/vocalist Scott, and Mike on drums. Together, they've gone through a host of bassists and vocalists, switching back and forth between being a four piece and a five piece. This past summer of '99 they seemed to have sealed the deal, recruiting former Evaders guitarist Ian and enticing him to play bass, thus cementing together this punk n' roll quadsquad.

Last summer Quick 66 released their debut CD, *Forever and a Day*. It features 15 songs of furious punk influenced rock n' roll with former vocalist Eric Fry and former bassist Greg Goyen. Each left the band for different reasons but contributed to one of the best releases any northwest band has put out last year.

I spent a few minutes with Squiggy and Ian on the back deck of the Storeroom in between drinking and smoking and conducted the interview in mid-drunkenness.

You can reach Quick 66 at 1122 E. Pike St. PMB 1422, Seattle, WA. 98122-3934.

CRUD: What's the deal with your name? What does it mean? Where's Quick 66 on that?

SQUIGGY: All right, here's the old school story on that. Quick 66 has nothing to do with horse races or race horses or cars or nothing like that. Nothing about casinos, nothing like that. Basically my drummer bought a case of drum sticks for \$66 and he broke every single stick in that case in like a week. And he was like, "Damn! That was a quick 66 bucks I just blew." I was like, man, Quick 66, that'd be a cool band name. And we were like, yeah, we'll use that until we think of something cool. And we never did...

IAN: He never hits the drums that hard either man.

SQUIGGY: I'll tell you something, they were cheap ass sticks.

IAN: Yeah, he can rock it.

SQUIGGY: He eats 'em like a mother ya know. So he blew through a case in a week, this was 4 - 5 years ago.

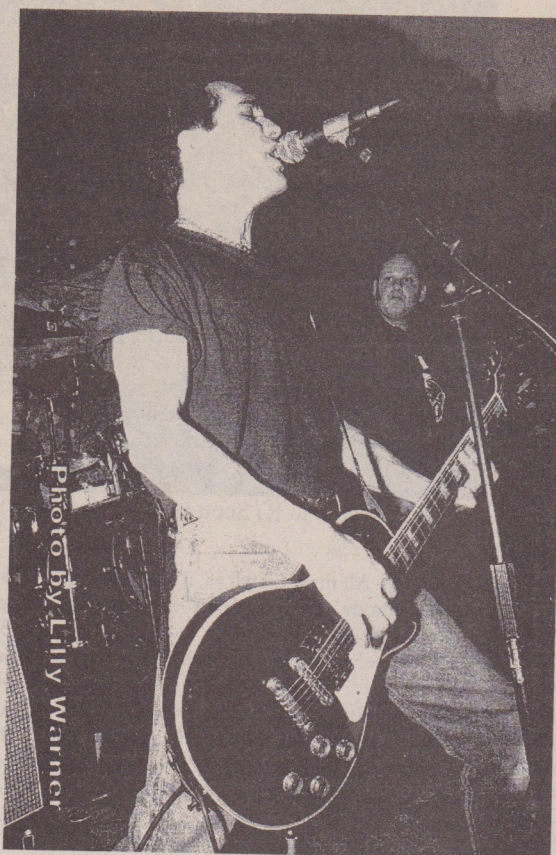
IAN: That's beyond my puberty.

SQUIGGY: Yeah. (chuckles) So basically I said let's use that for a band name till we think of something better. We never thought of nothin' better.

CRUD: You guys aren't to smart are ya?

SQUIGGY: No we're not. (everyone laughs) if I was a rocket scientist I'd be working at NASA, that's all I got to say on that one.

CRUD: What's the meaning behind the name of your CD?



Quick 66 (L to R) Scott (guitar) and Ian (Bass)

SQUIGGY: It was our former lead singers' idea: Eric Fry, he sings on the CD. Basically forever and a day is how long it took us put something out.

IAN: To me personally I thought it meant to lay Michelle Pfeiffer 'cause I have a fetish with Michelle Pfeiffer.

SQUIGGY: It's gonna take forever and a day to get that girl.

IAN: Hell yeah man, not only that but to put out the fuckin' CD took forever to do too.

SQUIGGY: Did you ever see Michelle Pfeiffer where she looked like Veronica Lake in that one movie there?

IAN: No I haven't seen her man.

SQUIGGY: She looks like Veronica Lake in this one movie, it's an old style set movie, *Hollywood* something or...

IAN: Are you thinking of *L.A. Confidential*?

SQUIGGY: *L.A. Confidential*.

IAN: (a big uproar burst out from Ian) Where she's showing her beaver, yeah, yeah, yeah. That was fuckin' brilliant, damn her legs are beautiful. Now look at her now, she's probably had a Quick 66 debut.

CRUD: What were you guys talking about? (I had stepped away with Slit Liquor bassist Big E for a moment)

SQUIGGY: We were talking about the band name and chick's and shit

IAN: We were talking about the second question, what are you talking about, smoking and shit.

CRUD: You were a five piece before. What happened with the two other guys?

SQUIGGY: Last spring of '99 I had started booking us a west coast tour and basically it came down to - people just have different priorities in their lives.

IAN: I thought it was 'cause they needed a heavier drinker.

SQUIGGY: (laughs) Basically our old bass player Greg, man he's our bro, he's our pal.

IAN: He's a good guy.

SQUIGGY: He was at the show here tonight, love 'em, god bless him, he's fuckin' great. Our singer though, it came time to go out on tour and he just wasn't up and ready to go or something, and right about then he wanted to do his own thing, live his life however he wants to live it and we're just doing our own thing.

IAN: To domesticated in a way.

CRUD: So you canned his ass?

SQUIGGY: No I'm not going to say we fired him, I'm not gonna say he quit, being in a band don't work out sometimes.

IAN: Let me put it to you this way about the old bass player, I went up to him and said, hey, you know, I'm gonna be taking your old spot, you got any problems with that? He's all cool about it, he's like,

"No, I'll even show you how to play the bass lines." He's a real cool cat. He understood that I want to tour and these guys want to tour and we get drinking all together, we just wanna have fun. He didn't want to do that, he didn't want to tour.

SQUIGGY: He wants to play and all that, he's a rock n' roller. He loves to jam but I don't think he was too hip on trying to tour and live in a van and make a living in a van on tour his life.

IAN: You know the singer side of that fuckin', H was the better way. (a pause, Squiggy is lost for words) You want the truth, I'll say it, I don't got a beef with nobody - but you know he had a good thing going and he decided he wanted to do drugs instead, which is fun but hey, don't let it influence your rock n' roll.

SQUIGGY: I'm not saying nothing. He's an old pal of mine and I fuckin' love him and we just are into our own things.

CRUD: So why are you guys splitting up the vocal duties as opposed to getting a front man?

SQUIGGY: We could get a lead singer, we've been down that road a couple of times now. People that know the history of the band know what happened with our first singer and then our last lead singer split down his own bag. I've been playing guitar for 14 years and Scotty's been playing longer than that, we've been

dealing with lead singers for so many years we're like screw it, no more trying to find somebody, let's just step up.

IAN: Doesn't it add more energy in the songs?

CRUD: Yes (I slur)

IAN: It gives it more call and response, here we are, we're fuckin' in your face man.

SQUIGGY: Call and response is a full on old school gospel music kind of thing. I love the oldies, the oldies rock n' roll, the old R & B, I love it love it love it.

IAN: We know who to trust, we all trust each other.

SQUIGGY: Yeah, we trust each other for sure. And it's cool with the vocals 'cause it's like (with) the old songs we share, Scott will do a verse, I'll do a verse, we'll do the chorus together, back and forth, it's all good. The new songs that Scott writes he generally sings, the new songs that I write I generally sing. We've got a new song called, "Hey Bartender" Ian wrote the music, I wrote the lyrics and we're all singing it, it's so much fun. Where we're at right now is probably the most excited I've been about any line up we've ever had. It just feels right in my heart, it just feels right.

CRUD: You guys are somewhere between punk rock and rock n' roll. Tell us about your music direction.

SQUIGGY: (chuckles) I tell you what, I could tell you rock n' roll stories, ya know I burned my ass off in the eighties, I'm a rocker. I rock n' roll and rock n' rolled through my teens and all of a sudden I'm getting out of high school and this chick takes me to see the Ramones and that changed my life something fuckin' fierce. The punkers say we're to rock n' roll and the rock n' rollers say we're too punk so we're just - screw all the scenesters up on Capitol Hill and all their trendy clubs and everybody that are to punk, to cool for school to hang out and have fun with. Basically we're just filling our own fan base, we don't need a scene. We're just playing, we're gonna keep playing, we're never gonna stop playing...

IAN: I grew up on the east coast man, I've fuckin' done the hardcore trip. I'll tell you what, this is fuckin' rock, this is fuckin' people grooving, having a good time, drinking their beers, fuckin' picking up a chic and having a good fuckin' beer brawl.

SQUIGGY: Cars, beers, girls, guitars. It's all about fun. We get punks at our shows, we get skins at our shows, we get rockabilly cats at our shows, and we get metalheads at our shows. I really hate all these sub-genres and stereotypes that people place on themselves to define themselves. Some people I meet only go to crusty shows or pop punk shows or only like metal shows, but when it comes to me it's all rock n' roll. We get all kinds of people at our shows. It's so great man, we just want to play loud and fast so everybody can get drunk with us.

IAN: Yeah, who wants to sing songs about beating up a police officer and going to jail for four years? (everyone laughs) Who wants to do that shit again? I've been there. This is all part of punk rock - adrenaline - high octane - blue jean - fuckin leather rock n' roll baby.



Photo by Lilly Warner

Quick 66 (L to R) Scott (guitar), Ian (bass), Mike (drums) and Squiggy (guitar)

SQUIGGY: Ah man, I'll tell ya, it's something I think everybody can get into if they give it a chance, that's what I think.

IAN: The only thing we ask is that they buy us a beer.

SQUIGGY: It's all good times, we just wanna rock. Rock n' roll loud and fast. If people think we're hard rock then I guess we're hard rock, if people think we're punk rock then I guess we're punk rock.

IAN: Depends on how much beer we drink.

SQUIGGY: It doesn't matter. Loud and fast. Three, sometimes four chords.

CRUD: Some of you guys have a greaser looking influence. (Ian bellows a hearty laugh)

IAN: Are we laughing out loud? (said while in mid-laugh)

SQUIGGY: (feeling all self-conscious) Everybody's laughing, all right, that's cool, that's cool. Basically the reason I grease my hair is that if I'm gonna have short hair, I don't want to look like some jock-frat boy mother fuck and that's all I'm saying there. If I'm gonna have short hair I'm not looking like no frat boy. It's either I got to take it down straight down bald. I'm not a skinhead, my skin bro's would be like yeah, shave it down. My punk pals would be stoked to see me cut my hair into a Mohawk and my metal pals would be stoked to see me with long hair. Yeah I wear it greasy. I had some fairly long hair for awhile. When I chopped it down I was like, I ain't looking like no frat boy. Some of my favorite groups are The Temptations, Chuck Berry, Elvis, Buddy Holly, Jerry Lee Louis, Little Richard, Fats Domino.

CRUD: How about Danny and the Juniors?

SQUIGGY: Danny and the Juniors, "At The Hop".

CRUD: You guys should cover that song man. That'd be a great one to cover.

IAN: That would be a good one.

SQUIGGY: I love all the old school rock n' roll and all greasers, all the rock n' rollers of the

'50's, they were the punks of their day. People said, "You're evil". People said that back in the '50's to the greasers. (They said) "You are Satan's child playing that rock n' roll music, that evil jungle beat music". It's like, ya know what, fuck it man, it's rock n' roll, it's what's shaping the nation. I don't care what fads come and go but rock n' roll never dies.

IAN: I'm the only skinhead in the band man, I just fuckin' try to get as many tattoos and I can. This week it's fuckin' flames. I'm gonna get more flames and more flames. But ya know, Rancid's got more tattoos than me, I got to catch up with those fuckers 'cause they're all a bunch of assholes. That guy can suck my cock, Lars that is.

SQUIGGY: Hey, I don't know the guy, I just think they rock.

CRUD: This question is for you Ian. When you were in your last band, the Evaders, you played guitar. Now you're on the bass. Do you prefer one instrument over the other?

IAN: Give me my fuckin' guitar, I'll tell ya. I'll tell ya man, when these guys play, it fuckin' lights my fingers on fire. These guys are playing a beat that I've got to learn how to play and it's fuckin' fun as hell. It rocks, it rolls. With the Evaders, they took all of my punk music and oi music and turned it into cock rock. These guys are at least having a rhythm like hey, three chords, lets rock with that, let's have some fuckin' fun. The Evaders, fuck it I had a junkie in the band and I had so many fuckin' bass players that ya know, Squiggy came up to me and we were talking and he said, "Ya know, we need a bass player." (I said) I can play fuckin' bass. I'll learn it 'cause you guys are fuckin' great. Quick 66 is a good rock n' roll band, that's the honest truth. I'd love to play guitar again but you know, I love playing bass a lot. Fuckin' go vibrate those girls pussy's and have some fun.

SQUIGGY: Yeah it's a blast with Ian playing

bass. I know he's a guitar player so it's got to be a weird change for him, going in and playing bass instead of guitar, which he's been playing for so many years now. It just works out great. Ian's on the bass, we got Mike pounding the drums. I got to tell ya, Mike is solid, man. He learns his parts and he just sticks to it. It's like a meter, it's like bang bang bang. He just fuckin' hits you. We could be drunk as hell, sloppy as shit but the beats gonna go on, it ain't gonna stop. With Scotty playing and singing guitar and me singing and playing guitar, it just feels good having two singers, two guitar players, amps cranked up.

IAN: I'll take this up with anybody. We'll drink anybody under the table and play a show at the same night. SQUIGGY: 'Cause hey, once you're under the table, you're on our territory. (Gives a devilish laugh)

IAN: You now I used to play in a band called Acme, Inc., we used to hand out these little hat things, said we'll drink you under the table. I gave one to Joey Piss Drunk, he's was like all right, let's go. We drank all fuckin' night, it was beautiful. We played a

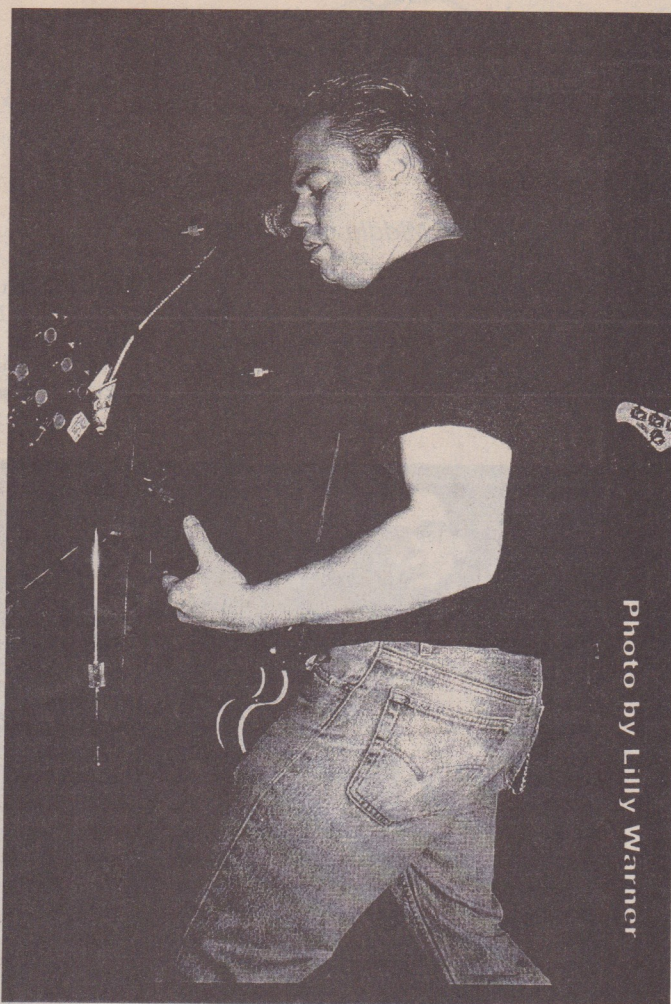


Photo by Lilly Warner

Squiggy of Quick 66 fame

show at the Lake Union Pub, I don't know if it was even good but it was rock n' roll.

IAN: What's your next question.

CRUD: I was gonna ask something like The Evaders left you with a little bad taste in your mouth.

IAN: Ah, the Evaders, I quit (playing music) for a year, year and a half. I swear to God I was never gonna pick up another instrument. I was hanging out at The Gibson House and Squiggy and I were talking about them needing a bass player and I was like, yeah man, I got to play again, I got to jam, I got to fuckin' do something man. I mean fuckin' Elise with her fuckin' heroin overdoses. It was fuckin' getting crazy man. I was getting in fights, I was pulling switch blades out at fuckin' Zak's, I was pulling out my brass knuckles. I was getting into so many fuckin' fights I thought I was gonna be either a dead boy or go to jail again. (Looking at Squiggy) You guys are my salvation, my bros. I thought for sure I was going to go back to jail again.

SQUIGGY: Ian hadn't been jamming in a couple of years and he was like, "I need to jam I'm losing my mind." We were like cool, we need a bass player and he switched from guitar to bass and here we are, it's a third round knock out for the bar-room thugs, here we go.

IAN: Amen.

CRUD



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"Fun In the Middle of Chaos!!"

By AVG.

Cookie began its existence in San Jose, CA. sometime in 1995. Pretty much from the get-go they toured up & down the west coast from San Diego to Seattle, where they played the legendary Lake Union Pub.

In 1997 the two founding members, bassist/vocalist Sabrina RockArena and guitarist Jamie LayMe relocated to Seattle. After a lengthy search, in the summer of '98 they hooked up with drummer The Punk Monk, a man from parts unknown who travels the globe in search of the cheapest beer.

Together with The Punk Monk they recorded their debut CD, "All Hell Can't Stop Us" and it was released early in '99 on Portland based Last Chance Records.

The day we scheduled the interview just happened to be the day all hell broke loose when the WTO invaded town. There were so many cops out there playing army boy that I actually had to dodge those fuckers on Capitol Hill while walking home! They tried to mace and pepper spray all 120 lbs. of me!

Well I did make it home and to The Storeroom where I hooked up with the band. It was in the middle of a curfew, all that trouble for those corporate fucks was just lame! What's up Seattle??? Are you completely sold out???

In March the Punk Monk left the band. Now on drums is Mike Anderson.

Cookie can be reached at P.O. Box 9965, Seattle, WA. 98109. Email them at cookie@cookiefactory.com. Check out their website, www.cookiefactory.com.

JAMIE: There's a lot of "Civil Emergency" shit going on right now. We're doing an interview during a riot in Seattle.

CRUD: During a riot in Seattle, what's up!! Where's the big boys!?! (she says wholeheartedly)

JAMIE: It's martial law in Seattle!

CRUD: And you're violating curfew, what's up!! (loudly and wholeheartedly again)

SABRINA: What do you call this? We're being interviewed while violating curfew so we're already in violation. What is it they call it? Civil Emergency.

JAMIE: Another word for martial law!

CRUD: And isn't it beautiful to be on the back door step on the Storeroom during martial law!?! Don't we all love Eastlake for a reason!?! ALL: Yes!!!

CRUD: OK, this has been a really weird day with all the WTO shit. How do you feel about it?

SABRINA: It's fucked.

CRUD: How was your tour?

SABRINA: There were 2 really good things about it. The 1st thing is we came back as a band and the 2nd thing is called Austin, TX.

CRUD: It rocks!! And you hated Albuquerque, huh?

CRUD: And that's it?

THE PUNK MONK: Well that's the 1st thing off the top of my head. Let me get rolling, this is the 1st beer of the night. (everyone laughs)

CRUD: Ah, so I'm gonna have to stay here the whole night long and interview you later?



Photo by Lance Hammond

Cookie (L to R) The Punk Monk (drums), Sabrina RockArena (bass) and Jamie LayMe (guitar)

SABRINA: Albuquerque is what I would call dry. But there was even worse than Albuquerque.

CRUD: Where was that?

SABRINA: Mesa. Albuquerque actually retained itself. It was kind of a Fenix show. It started off dry, it was really dead. There were 12 people out there and they all dumped all of their money on us. Each person bought like 3 things. It was only bad 'cause it was so thin after such a great show.

CRUD: (To Jamie) I love your new guitar, that thing is fabulous, it had such beautiful sounds the other night at the Off Ramp (laughs) Graceland. It was really beautiful, it sounded really cool.

JAMIE: All I can say is this Friday at the Key Arena I am gonna kick some ass!

ALL: (laugh really loudly)

CRUD: (To The Punk Monk) OK drummer man, what so you have to say?

THE PUNK MONK: Fuck shit up and drink Pabst.

What's up?!?

THE PUNK MONK: Oh no, I'll catch up.

CRUD: (to Jamie) I wanted to talk about your guitar.

JAMIE: What do you want to know about it?

CRUD: It's a beautiful Les Paul.

JAMIE: It's a Gibson - Les Paul custom, I think it's an '87 of '88.

CRUD: You think?

JAMIE: It is. It's got some trick pick-ups in it.

CRUD: That as a really fabulous show the other night.

SABRINA: Thank you.

CRUD: How does Graceland treat the bands?

JAMIE: Pretty well.

SABRINA: Well.

CRUD: It's a good new club.

JAMIE: We got four drink tickets per band member.

SABRINA: But they said they'd give us more.

THE PUNK MONK: And they did.

JAMIE: If you wanted it, they said you could have more. And they gave us some cash.

THE LOAD LEVELERS

"The Elders Can Rock"

The Load Levelers began life along time ago in a...oops, wrong story. Anyway, the entity known to us as The Load Levelers has been together for about 2 1/2 years. In that short amount of time these veterans of punk have played numerous shows and released a 7" record, *A Half Step Flat* on their label, Ain't That A Rats Ass Records.

For the most part the members of this group have quite a resume of bands that they've been in. Guitarist/vocalist Kurt "Little Willie" played in Shark Chum and an early line-up of Zeke. He was also in late '80 thrash metal warriors Holy Terror. Bassist Tim, AKA John Wilkes Booth was the anchor for Seattle Hardcore greats Bristle, and before that was in Three Legged Dog, the band he moved from St. Louis to Seattle with in the early 90's. Drummer John Perky originally comes from Tacoma where he played in Subvert, one of the Puget Sounds biggest Hardcore/Hippie-core bands of from mid to late 80's. The guitarist/vocalist John spent most of his 20 something years serving for evil Uncle Sammy and time was not on his musical side. Earlier this year a banjo player was imported into the band to give the them a more country-esque feel. His name is Keenan.

I sat down with most of these guys one day (Perky got lost, Keenan wasn't in the band yet) and shat da shit with 'em. To get a

hold of the Load Levelers write them at P.O. Box 25453, Seattle, WA. 98125 or email them at theloadlevelers@yahoo.com.

CRUD: Tell me about this hillbilly-punk thing. Why'd you guys decide to mix country and punk?

KURT: I did just because I've been playing along time and have always been influenced by blues music. It got to a point where I figured well, if I'm gonna get old and play music what am I gonna play? I'm not gonna play heavy metal and step out and be like a sex god or anything, those years are pretty well behind me. So it's something you can just grow old with and be on the porch and play and when the rheumatism acts up...

TIM: I've been feeling pretty much the same way for along time.

CRUD: Hardcore getting to you?

TIM: He (Kurt) took the words right out of my mouth. I just want to play something that I've been influenced my whole life by, blues as well as punk. Anything with a good rhythm to it and good guitar playing, good guitar licks in it - you find a lot of that in blues, rockabilly and county music. I've always wanted to do something that's been on the rock n' roll side of it.

KURT: Americana.

JOHN: Something with longevity.

TIM: So it was just something that had been along time coming for me. I jumped right on it

by Spit when he said what kind of music we'd be playing. I was like yep, right up my alley. Punk crossed with Hank Williams, it's perfect, exactly what I've wanted to do.

CRUD: So, Ain't That A Rats Ass, is that your own label?

KURT: Yeah.

CRUD: Is it just for the Load Levelers?

KURT: Shark Chum too. A Shark Chum CD is on the way too. There should be a new Load Levelers CD on the way.

CRUD: What's it going to be called?

JOHN: That's a good question.

TIM: We haven't even recorded it yet.

KURT: Probably it's not going to be called anything.

TIM: It might just be a Load Levelers demo. We're gonna try to find someone to put it out.

KURT: (If not) we'll put it out on our label. So that'll be 3 things for sale.

CRUD: How'd you guys come up with the name Load Levelers.

KURT: It's a trailer-hitch I think.

JOHN: It's for balancing your load. (laughs)

KURT: Is that what it...

JOHN: It's stupid but we stuck with it. Now everybody loves it. We wanted a name that was

really hard to say when you're drunk.

TIM: It's also something that you can't really picture. It's not like the Snakes or an animal.

KURT: Or a certain color.

TIM: Yeah, it's nothing you can really picture, like a load leveler, what's that? You can't really picture it in your mind.

KURT: Theoretically you could be 50 - 60 years old and still be playing in the same band. It's like a chromium penis or something, after a while you'll start bumming out when you're like 50 (everybody talks at once)... chromium penis is so incredibly huge right now but...

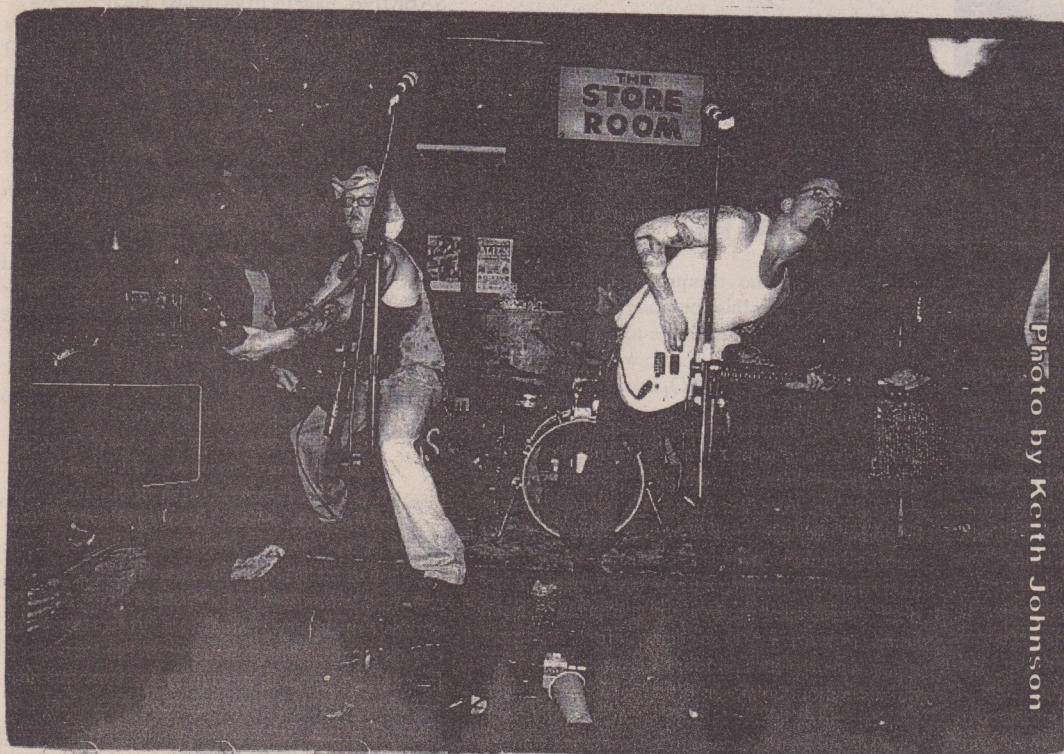
JOHN: Dixie Pole Smokers.

KURT: I like that one.

JOHN: Load Levelers has sexual and fecal connotations.

TIM: I like the Dixie Pole Smokers, that was a good one.

KURT: I like the High



The Load Levelers (L to R) Kurt (guitar), John Perky (drums), John (Guitar) and John Wilkes Booth (bass) (hidden)

THE PUNK MONK: They gave us more alcohol than they said they would.

CRUD: I think they really liked you guys 'cause you guys rocked the house.

SABRINA: Yeah. I like 'em. I like it that Julian is doing sound. Julian is the man. Julian rocks. The dude knows how to make everything sound alright.

CRUD: It took him a little while though didn't it?

SABRINA: Well, I don't know from out there. He's done sound for us.

CRUD: So you guys have a new record out. How come I don't have one?

SABRINA: I brought one for you.

CRUD: Oh you're fat, what's up little girl!!! Sabrina RockArena!!

JAMIE: A lot of good people helped to make that record possible including Art Chantry, he did the artwork design for it. He also did the poster too which is really cool. Conrad Uno produced it at Egg Studios. The combination of those two guys made for a killer fuckin' record and it's been getting really well received and getting a lot of airplay right here in Seattle on KNDD The End (A corporate alternative radio station in Seattle).



Cookie loves the Warp Tour

SABRINA: and KISW (Overlord corporate rock radio station)

JAMIE: People are digging it. Daemon Stuart comes to see our shows. You know, I say fuck college radio because you know what? They fuckin' suck anyway. I'm tired of listening to all that wamby - pamby indie rock. Everyone on that god damn station is pushing 50 years old and they don't know what rock is until it fucking - until I pick up a rock and throw it at their face!

ALL: Yeah!!!! (Sabrina gives an extra giant YEAH!!!!)

CRUD: You got a comment my friend? Have you anything to say to that.

THE PUNK MONK: I think we interrupted Ryan from the bar next door. Sorry Ryan.

CRUD: And that's your only comment? I think they just kind of said it all.

THE PUNK MONK: Yeah, whatever Jamie said.

SABRINA: OK so here's the deal. Right now we're in the middle of this big contest where we could wind up winning \$25,000 and we need people to go on the internet and vote for us on rollingstone.com but the thing is when this interview comes out that won't be happening anymore but anyway that's what's going on. But the next step, there's a 2 month layoff and the semi-finals are in Austin, TX. so we need to get back there to play one more time.

CRUD: OK, so how do people do this? What do they do?

SABRINA: I think we'll go onto the semi-finals.

CRUD: I know you will.

JAMIE: Last summer we entered that contest because we wanted to play the Vans Warped

Tour when it came into town. So we had to drop off this cheesy promo pack at Guitar Center and we didn't think we'd get called but all of a sudden we got a fuckin' call saying we made the finals. We had to go play against 3 other bands at the Fenix. We did that and we were the best band, not according to me but to a panel of judges. So we got to play the Kingdom parking lot with Pennywise, Ice-T, and a bunch of others.

CRUD: You know I watched you guys from the 45th story at 1101 4th St. through a telescope.

JAMIE: No way!!

CRUD: It was hilarious (Acting like I'm looking through a telescope), there's Joe Piss Drunk setting up. It was really funny.

SABRINA: That's killer! Oh my god that's so fuckin' great!

CRUD: (To the drummer) Do you have anything to add to this you quiet man?

THE PUNK MONK: Come to our shows, buy our records, have lots of fun, we're having fun, drink Pabst, fuck the WTO, avoid curfew, break the law, drink, smoke, and have tattoos!

CRUD: Do you have anything to say?

JAMIE: Yeah, lots.

SABRINA: Yeah.

JAMIE: I want to talk about the Vans Warped Tour that we played because people think it was a great big deal and stuff and it was, it was really cool to play it, but they (people) don't realize that when we got there they wouldn't let us park our van on the Kingdom parking lot.

CRUD: How many blocks did you have to walk?

JAMIE: Quite a few and we had to pay to park the van and there was like 40 tour buses.

SABRINA: And they wouldn't feed us.

JAMIE: We asked, "Do we get fed?" and their attitude was, "We'll, after all the other bands eat if there's anything left over you guys can have something to eat."

THE PUNK MONK: And they didn't give us any drugs.



Cookie In Action

SABRINA: And they kept calling us that Ernie Ball band.

THE PUNK MONK: We played on the Ernie Ball sponsored stage. It's all about corporate sponsorships nowadays in rock n' roll.

CRUD: WTO, what's up!? Corporate, corporate, corporate.

JAMIE: That's gonna be our next sponsor, the WTO.

SABRINA: (laughs hysterically) There you go!

JAMIE: Through all that the Seattle Times completely slammed the whole fuckin' show and we got some press in it. Exactly what they said was, "Cookie made believers out of the back row of cynics." So that was pretty nice. Throughout the whole mother fucker, we ended up getting good press out of the Seattle Times, so that's cool.

THE PUNK MONK: We got mentioned twice in Rolling Stone Magazine because we played the Vans Warped Tour because, believe it or not, out of 300 performers that day, Sabrina RockArena was the only female.

SABRINA & CRUD: Woah! (all loud & shit)

SABRINA: PUSSY POWER!! (blows kisses to everyone)

CRUD: Do you have anything else you want to say.

SABRINA: No, just what The Punk Monk said, break the law, have tattoos, drink too much beer.

THE PUNK MONK: Eat hot dogs, play video games, watch TV.

SABRINA: Break curfew.

JAMIE: Yeah, especially during riots.

CRUD

Lonesome Perverts.

CRUD: Are you offended by maybe being called hick punk?

JOHN: I don't think we've been called hick punk.

TIM: I don't think you can offend us. (everyone laughs)

KURT: I like to call it old guy rock.

CRUD: So you guys are all up there (age wise)?

KURT: Yeah, there's no one under 30 in our band.

TIM: We kind of shy away from, or I so personally, don't want to get bumped in with rockabilly, that's why we say hillbilly-punk. We're not a rockabilly band even though some people might try to bump us in with that out of not having anything else, not having a reference. It's just rock-n-roll!

KURT: American rock-n-roll

JOHN: I can't think of any rockabilly bands that we'd want to play with.

KURT: They spend too much time on their hair. Hair is not an important factor. It's almost like glam. Really, the amount of time you spend per day on your hair, that's the defining factor.

JOHN: I couldn't be there 'cause I'm bald.

CRUD: So your songs on the 7" seem to be about heartbreak and kicking her to the curb. Are they pretty much the themes of..

KURT: And drugs and jail. That would be it, heartbreak, kicking her to the curb, drugs and jail.

CRUD: Isn't there anything else?

KURT: Fighting. (We all laugh)

JOHN: Maybe being rubbed against the curb yourself too.

KURT: Yeah that goes along with being on the curb too, that's just an aspect of being on the curb. Though it could be either person on the curb actually, not necessarily her, it could be you on the curb.

CRUD: Tell us about some of your songs. Who does the lyric writing?

TIM: Actually these two boys.

KURT: We're still a young band really, a young band full of old men. It's a struggle man, punk rock's a struggle.

JOHN: When I first started playing with Kurt he had a bunch of songs lined out. It was always something I wanted to do but it took me a little while to get into the groove. Picking down in one direction instead of back and forth. And after a while I started catching on, I started coming up with songs, getting into fist fights. Writing perverted offensive songs, "Wonder Girl Twist", etc.

KURT: (slowly) Yeah, yeah it probably wouldn't go over big with the (pauses)

TIM: The PC crowd.

KURT: The emo crowd. Which is good actually, they'll all grow out of that eventually. They'll get hungry and they'll eat a McDonalds burger. You can't live on Snickers forever.

CRUD: Is that one of the things you like to do, purposely trying not to fit into the PC...

KURT: No I don't think it's purposeful, I think it's just, we're really just doin' what we do. I don't think we're trying to pick on anybody but at the same time we're not gonna be anybody that we're...

TIM: Most of it's done in a humorous way too like the song "Shut Yer Yap". I mean most of the people that know us and lot of the people that would probably agree full heartily with that song are women, ya know what I mean? It's not like rambling on women or anything. There's a lot of people that would totally insist that it's done in a humorous way, that's the way all of our songs are.

KURT: Well just like when you're out at a bar and somebody is buzzed and they're just talking and you just think to yourself - just shut the fuck up, you're driving me nuts. I mean, is that wrong to write a song about that.

TIM: Nope.

KURT: No, there we go.

JOHN: I think most of this is water on a ducks back, we don't really care about shit, if you're good with yourself it don't matter what you do. Who cares, what's wrong with poking fun at everything, everybody's trying to be serious all the time, having some kind of agenda, walking on a fucking piece of dental floss trying to balance you know.

KURT: And it's just a phase they'll grow out of anyway. It's like when a college kid takes a class in college and he's like, "I just learned about this, let me tell you all about it." We'll let me tell you about something man, I already heard that shit. After a while there's so much bologna going on who cares if we write songs that are full of bologna. It's not like it means anything or doesn't mean, it just happens to be what we do. We think it's funny. (laughs)

JOHN: Funny as hell. It's nice to just do silly silly shit. Kurt said it's really cool to be full grown adults up on stage acting like fucking total dorks.

KURT: (mumbles) Um-hum. Assholes too.

JOHN: Dorks or assholes. People are standing there, either their jaw is dropped or their smiling, they probably don't even know what we're saying.

KURT: Right. There's something inherently fucked about a 40 year old man pulling his pants down and showing his wiener to people (everyone starts laughing) that are young enough to be his daughter. Ya know what I'm saying? (everyone's still laughing) And that's the beauty of the whole thing...

TIM: (as he's laughing) It's pretty absurd.

KURT: Yeah.

TIM: It's ridiculous, and that's pretty funny. Things that are funny are funny.

JOHN: I think it's sort of funny that a 40 year old guy calls his dick a wiener.

(Laughter erupts, especially from Tim)

CRUD: So you have been around here along time Tim. What do you think of the current music scene?

TIM: I am the wrong person to ask. I don't really hang out. I don't really keep up on it very much. So I'd probably give a whole bunch of misinformation, I'm very ill-informed I should say. I've pretty much got into the 9 - 5 grind,

I've just moved into the Greenwood/Ballard area and now I'm an old fart. (laughs)

CRUD: Is jamming still exciting?

TIM: Oh yeah. I don't get out in the mosh pit that much anymore. Is there one?

JOHN: There's a lot of work for thirty minutes of...

KURT: It's like drag racing. You get your hot rod all tweaked out, you take it out there and you burn the tires right off on the weekend. You take it back and fix it, that's how we do it. I've lived the romantic life - everybody living in the band house, all that neat stuff. I'm to old, I have responsibilities, kids.

JOHN: Its been going on a year without a real bad argument or a scene.

TIM: Yep, that's one thing I can say, this is probably the longest I've ever been in a band where none of us were ever really pissed off at each other, other than, "Hey, you stepped on my toe." (laughs)

KURT: That's how the band is inherently designed though, is just to survive for awhile. It's older guys taking a look at their future versus young kids doing whatever. Everybody's got their own thing and they got it all together.

TIM: The band isn't our total life. This isn't like our lives. We all pretty much have played in other bands over the years...

KURT: And if we can make it our sole source of income that would be fuckin' beautiful.

TIM: Oh yeah. We have our own jobs and our own life, like he said we don't live in a band house and focus all of our energy on music. Even though it's a major part of our lives, if this band falls apart it won't be the end of the world.

CRUD: Do you think with that attitude that you guys still have enough drive in you make it to where you can make a living at it? If it's not your total world do you think that you have lost some of that drive over time?

KURT: No I think it's a more intelligent drive, really to be honest with you. In fact I think you've just cut through the bullshit. When you get back home (after touring) you go back to work at your day job because it makes life simpler. As long as you have a job where you can pull out periodically and go do your other thing. This band is never gonna spend 9 months on the road unless someone was paying us a ton of money. We're not gonna spend constant time on the road but we're not afraid of touring. It's a weird thing, if somebody gave us cash and paid our bills fine, but if somebody's gonna short change you, fuck you, and dick you for 3 and 4 months at a time - you can't do it. So we go out for as long as we can economically do it.

TIM: Go out for as long as it is really worth it. But not saying we're gonna go out on tour no matter what. We're not gonna go through the stuff like - we're gonna break down, we're gonna go broke. Calling our ex-wives or kids for money. (the laughter begins) Remember that Strat I got you last Christmas son, well why don't you go hawk that thing. (more laughter erupts)

JOHN: Aw man.

KURT: Well if your band is going to stick together what does it matter? It doesn't matter if we spend 6 months now and eat shit and burn out or if we did it in smaller amounts. Eventually work up to it.

TIM: We're just going to take things as they come, we're not gonna force it. We're just gonna be a local band for a little while, go on some regional tours instead of trying to tackle the whole U.S. or even half of it yet.

KURT: If they throw us the ball we're going to run with it. But we can't afford to and fuck off, it's like, party with the band or feed the kid.

JOHN: Time is a lot more precious but we're at practice when we're supposed to be. I've had a lot of friends that have used music to go get fucked up. We do a little bit but not much. If you have 80% of the time to dedicate to the band but your using 75% of that time to get fucked up and you're not playing anything and even when you do you sound like a sack of shit warmed over - we don't do that, time is critical. But we have fun, it's not like cracking knuckles with a ruler. We have a loose agenda to work with, we have goals but it's not like forcing people on a tread mill.

KURT: If it doesn't happen this year it'll happen next year, that's just the way I look at things.

TIM: Over the years of being in band after band we've become more efficient.

KURT: Way more efficient.

TIM: No matter who's in the band, we all have to work our day jobs, we're not gonna go on tour that often or for an extended period of time. So we look for our mistakes and even though we're going on a slow pace, we're gonna keep that slow pace up. I'm not putting it in the right words, we're just doing what we can, we're not trying to bite of too much or shoot for a record contract to early or at all really. We're just gonna take what's handed to us and in the mean time just do what we can do, keep practicing twice a week, try to play out in the area as much as we can. Do little road trips, no big nation wide things where we're broken down in Texas.

CRUD: Talking from personal experience?

TIM: Yeah. All of us have been in bands that have

done some amount of touring.

JOHN: No, this is my first touring band. Actually my first band that's played out.

CRUD: So you got started later in life?

JOHN: Yeah.

TIM: You were is Los Gatos weren't you?

JOHN: I just sat in with Gatos here and there. I played banjo on the 45 and then the same song again on their CD.

CRUD: So how old were you when you first started playing in bands?

JOHN: I screwed around playing in bands when I was 15 or 16. But then to the dismay to many punk rock types I went off and joined the army. I still played guitar but I was in the army on the road all the time, taking off here, taking off there. I'd come back and I'd play guitar and I'd be all into it. It's sort of dangerous if you're a musician and you're continually playing by yourself 'cause you start trying to be the entire band. It took awhile to phase myself into a band and really get the gist of minimalism. Playing your part when you're supposed to and not being overbearing 100 mile an hour person

the entire time. It just fucks the whole thing up, instead of music you have a 'ole pot of mush and people get mad.

TIM: This is the first band I've been since I was about 15 with two guitar players. The first two bands I was in had a couple guitar players and we always had different sax players and keyboard players back in high school. This is the first band in 15 years that has had two guitar players so I (can) sit back, it trains me to sit back and just do what the bass should do, minimal, and not go wild with bass solos and running all over the place. That was a lot of fun and I in fact wouldn't mind doing that again. Having a little 3 piece, just power in-out balls out punk rock or whatever. Or maybe something a little more in the mode of Cream like one of those 60's - 70's power rock bands with just bass, drums, guitar, just blast in-out like The Who.

CRUD: Would you call yourself more cautious with your music and life now?

TIM: I don't know about cautious. I've wanted to do something like this for years and years but

I've never found the right people. I grew up at the same time listening to Credence Clearwater Revival and The Ramones, they're two of my favorite bands. I was never in the right place at the right time to meet people that wanted to play stuff that was more on the Credence Clearwater Revival side. I've always liked them, I've liked ZZ Top on and off. I've always liked hearing a good blues lead guitar player, playing in that kind of band but I've never ran into the right people. It was always a 3, 4 bar chord - crank it up loud, bitch about the government or something band. (laughs)

CRUD: Do you like getting away from that now? Not being so political with the Load Levelers?

TIM: Yeah. It's just been a long time coming for me, I've always wanted to do something a little bit more on the rock n' roll side, in a band that uses a lot of different influences, not just the hard rock/punk influence. That's really where we all come from and what got us all together. (We all have) centered around the punk rock scene ever since we were teenagers. But there's just so much more music out there that we're influenced by.

CRUD



Little Willie does the Load Levelers' Dance of the Beer Shower

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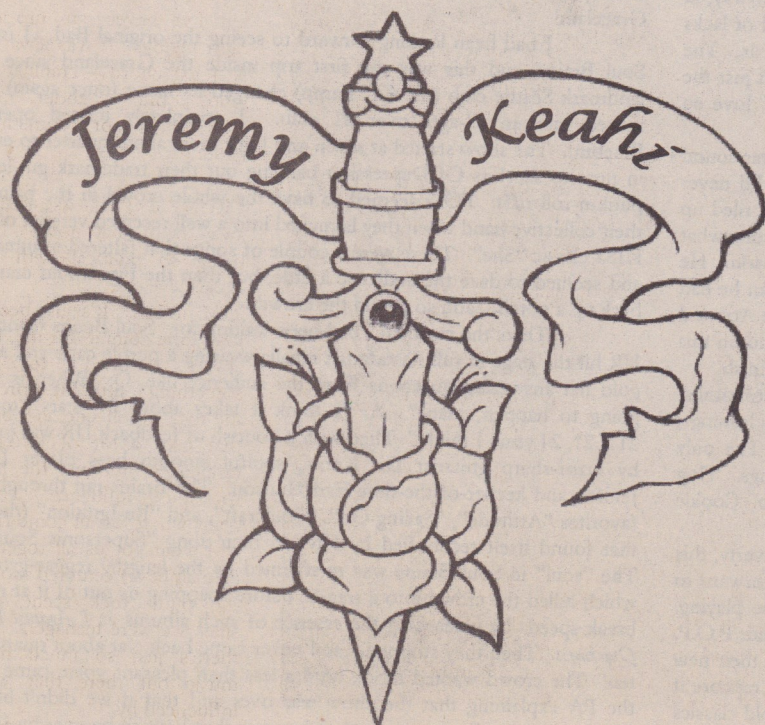
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Milhous giving us some beer cheer

Portrait of Poverty / Cookie / Milhous / All Out

Saturday, Feb. 5th
Graceland

First up were this really cool band from Portland called All Out. The vocalist was "dressed up" in Chuck Taylor's, dress shirt and a tie, it was kind of a dirty David Bowieish look. It cracked me up but anyway, in a town where punk is either saturated with the metal guitar sound or lacks aggression, their 70's punk rock sound was very refreshing to hear. The sound was especially good, I loved the bass lines, simple but with just the right amount of licks to give me that slamming rhythm that I love so much.

Second up were one of those bands with the metal guitar sound but fortunately Milhous don't suck. They have this new singer I'd never seen before. He's kind of a wacko looking fella. He gets you all riled up and at the same time gives you the creeps. I like it! He somewhat reminded me of Fartz/Accused singer Blain Cook for some reason. He didn't jump up and down, nor did he sound anything like Blain, but he had that sense of psychotic wildness that I loved so much about the Accused back in the day. Milhous are blistering metal - tinged hardcore, and on this night they were all psyched out, playing ferociously from start to finish.

3rd were Cookie. Fronted by their babe-a-licious bassist/vocalist Sabrina RockArena, they lit up the night with their poppy - punk leanings, getting boys and girls to jiggle and wiggle all over the place. The only songs that didn't enthuse me were the few with country leanings. Hog Molly drummer Slimmy D. was guest star and did an excellent job. Cookie drummer Punk Monk was out due to an injury.

Headlining were Tacoma old school'ers Portrait of Poverty, this band has been one of my local faves for years and I was looking forward to hearing some of their new material that was rumored they'd be playing. Unfortunately when I heard it I was a little disappointed. To be fair P.O.P. seem to going in a direction that's a little out of my taste range, their new songs have a real heavy choppy feeling to them - something like rapcore if that's even a genre of music. But that's alright, I still love their old classics such as "Smokin' Resin".

--Spit

Speedball Racer / Blue Collar

Friday, Feb. 4th
The Storeroom

I walked into the Storeroom and Blue Collar were already at it. After I weaved and jostled my way through the packed house the first BC'er I saw was bassist/vocalist Jimmy Bingo. He had the biggest, most purplest boa that I've ever seen in my life wrapped around his neck. I immediately lost it! Fortunately I didn't lose my barley pop!! Blue Collar sounded better than I have ever heard them that night! I don't know what they did, they're still the same 4-piece that they've always been but they were absolutely smoking that night. Guitarist Ace was heavily rockin' out, sweat pouring down her face and chest (he-hel), she was playing her guitar hard, fast and mean! The sound was really good and the band were totally into their set.

LOUD, HOT, SLUTTY. Those 3 words describe Speedball Racer boys & girls. Bassist Tracey Fay's constant driving rhythm was like a mint conditioned '57 Chevy that's being revved. Meanwhile Ryan Crash

of past Rubber fame lit up the stage (or floor I should say) with his wild antic guitar playing. SBR are another punk n' roll type band, combining the aggressiveness of punk rock with some wily rambunctious rock n' roll rhythms. You've gotta see these cats!

--Spit

Soul Brains / Fitz of Depression / Blue Bird

Sunday, Feb. 27th
Graceland

I had been looking forward to seeing the original Bad...I mean Soul Brains, and this was my first trip inside the Graceland since the landmark Seattle club (the Off Ramp) changed its name (once again) and turned into an all-ages/over 21 club. I completely missed openers Bluebird. The show started at seven and I got there about quarter to eight, in time to see Fits Of Depression banging out their trademark gut-level-punk-n-roll riffs. FOD seemed to have the whole crowd in the palm of their collective hand when they launched into a well received version of the KISS classic "She". There were a couple of songs that faltered in intensity and seemed to daze the audience a little, but then the Fits would crank it back up a notch...and so would the crowd.

Then: the moment I had been waiting for. Soul Brains frontman HR hit the stage in full Rastafarian regalia wearing a purple cape and a tall, gold hat answering questions from the audience like, Q: "When is it all going to happen, man?" A: "I think it takes about 24 years...maybe 21...21, 24 years I think." Then with a flourish of feedback HR was joined by razor-sharp guitarist Dr. Know, soulful smooth bass player Daryl Jenifer, and keeper-of-the-time Earl Hudson. The Brains ran through old favorites "Attitude", "Sailing On", "Soulcraft", and "Re-Ignition" (the riff that found itself technofied by Hive in their song "Supersonic Sound"). The "soul" in Soul Brains was re-affirmed by the lengthy reggae-grooves which lulled the crowd into a trance, before snapping us out of it at neck-break speeds by unleashing the essence of such albums as *I Against I* and *Quickness*. Then they stopped...and never came back...at about quarter to ten! The crowd wanted more, until a less than pleasant voice came over the PA explaining that the show was over and that if we didn't like it, "don't come to all-ages shows then because they have to be over by 10pm. It's the law people!"...Fuck.

--boB

Defiance / Hangfire Disaster / Pox / Akimbo

Friday, Jan. 14th

Hub Ballroom

I missed Akimbo so I obviously have nothing to say about them on this night.

Pox were pretty good overall but they had their moments of sloppiness, bad sloppiness, the kind that made bassist Nils' cheeks turn red with embarrassment while he giggled. The sound totally sucked, because of it I really didn't enjoy their set.

Third were Hangfire Disaster. They play this Rage Against... kind of stuff, I did not care for their music at all. Yes, the sound sucked for them too. The lamest thing was when the singer told the meager amount of people in the pit not to raise their elbows so no one would get hurt. What the fuck? It's slam dancing!! If you're worried about getting hurt don't get in or near the pit! Slamming is not like square dancing. When did punk rock become so wussie? Oops, my mistake, they weren't a punk band, they only played on the same bill with a couple punk bands.

It's always cool to see Defiance. It had been awhile and I hadn't seen them with only one singer and two guitar players before that night. Again, the sound fucked it up for me so I didn't enjoy it as much as I should've but I finally picked up *No Future No Hope*, so it wasn't a total loss.

Overall, due to technical difficulties the show was a downer but hats off the Ruckus for doing something good, I hope they keep it up and get a better sound system in there!

--Spit

Cannibal Corpse / God Dethroned / Hate Eternal

Wednesday, Feb 23rd

Fenix

1st ups were Hate Eternal. They weren't that bad but they weren't that good. There's not a hell of a lot you can do with death metal but they try. Their hair was just to pretty for a death metal band. Fans were placed in just the right spots so they would blow on the guitarist/vocalists and bassist heads, making their hair blow oh so purdy. If glam metal were still popular I'd put money down that these guys would be all over that scene.

God Dethroned was all right. Nothing that new for death metal but this Dutch quartet had some songs that were worthy. They played with intensity and it showed, they were by far the best band that night. The lamest thing about the set were all the idiots getting on stage and acting like they were in a contest to see who can be the most moronic.

Cannibal Corpse sucked. To be honest I've never liked them so

I'm probably not the best person to review them so I'll stop here.

Overall the show sucked, I had a lame time and the drinks were the most watered down of any club I go to see shows at. An absolutely lame night!!

--Spit

The Undisputed Heavyweight Champions / Milhous / Quick 66 / Seals Club

Saturday, Mar. 11

Zak's

Seals Club rage! They're a ripping blistering onslaught of total 80's style hardcore in the vein of BGK. These guys get more beer spit on them than any band in Seattle. With all the beer being liberated everywhere, pictures flying, cups sailing, thoughts of alcohol abuse came to mind but that didn't matter 'cause Seals Club were a lot of fun.

This night was a birthday night for Quick 66 bassist Ian. He and his band of punk n' roll purveyors rocked down the house. Both vocalists/guitarists Squiggy and Scott looked more comfortable than ever, it seems they've mastered the art of singing and playing at the same time. What more can I say? They had a great show.

Milhous are fast, raw, and aggressive and on this night they were on it, blasting their way through their set of pounding rhythms and brutal (if you can call them that) melodies. The pit was full and they along with everyone else wore their fair share of beer.

The Undisputed Heavyweight Champions came out roaring and never stopped. Their brand of metallic hardcore is in your face and brutal, fast and grinding tempos compliment the intense vocals of Jay Bradley. When he sang he had this look on his face like he was about to give you the knockout blow. How's that for playing on their band name? Anyway, The Undisputed's music is not for the weary of heart, you've been warned!

--Spit

Old Man Smithers / Stinky Punk Bitches / Caught Red Handed / Seals Club

Friday, Dec. 17

Zak's

It's nice to see that some bars are picking up where the Lake Union Pub left off. Due to gentrification and the overflow of yup fuck's moving into any downtown getto they can buy cheap, then turn into the dull plodding order they find comfortable.

I got to Zak's a little late and caught the last part of Seals Club. I love little boys! Oops, young men. Fresh energy, lots of fun and young man testosterone flowing as freely as the beer. Yo Buddy!

Caught Red Handed have a lot of the same enthusiasm that is such a great part of the music, I wish more people had it.

Then the band I never miss, Stinky Punk Bitches. At this time I was wearing at least 2 pitchers of beer and do to lotts wine and a really beer induced floor I could barley stand so I decided to sit down and watch one of my fav Seattle bands. They cover all the old school early 90's Seattle punk bands like the Piss Drunks, Berserkers and so on. Even though they basically do covers, they're musicians full of talent. Squiggy from Quick 66 got up and sang the Eastlake theme song, "Whisky & Leather" (written by the Berserkers), the song where anyone familiar with the words are encouraged to participate. They also debuted an original, "American Way" written by bassist Alicia. She definitely has song writing capabilities. Don't miss the bitches, I hope they stay around.

Old Man Smithers is another old school punk band. Beer swillin' F.U.N. I was so inspired I had to pull down the singers pants, oops!! Wine inspired I guess - lotts attitude, passion, good thing. Everyone seemed to have a great time, debauchery



Photo by Keith Johnson

The Undisputed Heavywiegth Chanpions K.O. another audience

smashed guitars, falling down, Slimmy D. sliding across the beer induced floor, booze conditioned hair, skin, and clothing..

All of these bands are a DO NOT MISS if you like FULL ON SHIT!!! And don't mind getting down and dirty and LAID!!

--AVG.

Cookie / Megababe / Slit Liquor

Friday, Jan. 21st

Sit N' Spin

Those nasty sick gluttons Slit Liquor were up first. From start to finish they played their 50's rock influenced punk complete with the most immoral lyrical content of any band in Seattle! They'll fuck your wife and girlfriend at the same time given the chance! During their set I started to get drunk, and it wasn't even 11pm yet. Vocalist/guitarist & main drive behind the trio Country Joey Piss Drunk (yes, formerly of the Piss Drunks) was dirty and debonair at the same time if you can believe that. He lets out all of his dirty inhibitions, there's no holds barred with this man as he takes you on a punk rock n' roll journey into the perverse. It's was all capped off with their 'hit' song, "Pig". Girls, all you need to know is that Slit Liquor are not in love with you!

I was inebriated by the time Megababe started. I sort of remember lots & lots of women on stage, rumor has it they were from the Lusty Lady and danced with their tops off but I missed this, or I blacked out or I don't know. It was one hell of a night. I hear they've broken up so I guess I'll never get to see this treat ever.

By the time Cookie went on - forget it - have you ever heard of the word blottoed? Since they have another show rev and an interview in this issue, I don't feel that bad about not being able to review them.

--Spit

Barfeeders

Friday, May 19

Storeroom

Kick ass punk at its best. The Barfeeders from SF call the Storeroom their Seattle home and the crowd this night was at its punk rock rowdiest, joints were being passed freely as beer as being spilt on the floor. Belting out songs like "Wyoming" and the Scorpions' "Blackout", while getting mics smashed into their faces as punks pushed and stumbled forward. The Barfeeders prove once again PUNKS RULE!!!!

--Big E

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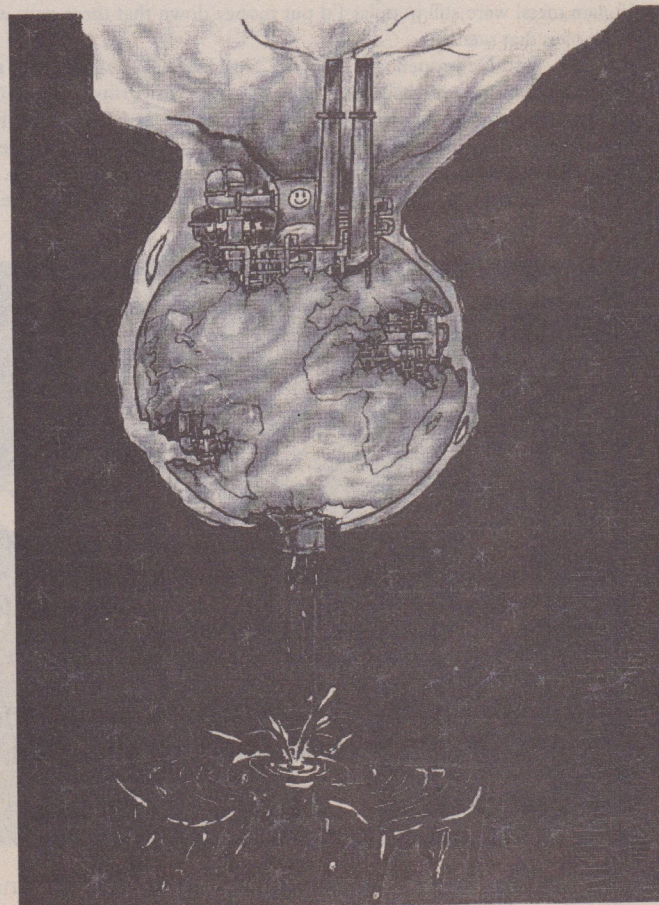
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EYE SORES

With all the know-it-all's in punk rock, how come there aren't more zines? Especially here in Seattle where most people complain about everything but do nothing to enhance the scene. Get off your ass and use the media as a way of bitching, whining and/or letting others know your oh so fabulous point of views on any and everything! Like with Ear Crap, we're not going to do some stupid rating system because all a review is is someone else's fuckin' opinion!



10 Things Jesus Wants You To Know #22

8 1/2" x 11", newsprint w/ glossy cover, 84 pages, \$3.00 ppd.

Another installment from Seattle's longest running zine. My favorite column this issue was Daveck's Armageddon. He wrote a great analysis of the crust movement and how Profane Existence turned punk white. It goes back to his days in Minneapolis in the early 90's and gives a report of the scene up to PE's final issue. It's both complimentary and critical, a definite

honest look at one of the biggest scenes in punk (and metal). Other goodies include a 4 page pic spread of the WTO protests, an article on the general strike of Seattle in 1919, several punk orientated/punker run small businesses in the Seattle area and of course, tons of audio and show reviews and a lot of other stuff. Well worth the \$\$ if you don't live anywhere where you can get a copy for free. Contact info: PMB #192, 8315 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA. 98115. Email: tenthingszine@yahoo.com

--Spit



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Meat Magazine version 2.11

8 1/2" x 11", newsprint, 28 pages

This is a christian punk zine that has just decided to include secular bands. I'll give them credit for opening up their pages to non-christians even if it is an effort to "...expose them to the kingdom of God." The General Manager, Scott Lawson goes on to say that he's not trying to convert anyone to christianity but that they, "...want people that are believing for the destruction of the kingdoms of darkness." Anyway, bands include Project 86 - a band of christians that are not a christian punk band, Five Foot Thick - a band of wanna-be rock stars and No Use For A Name. This zine didn't really do it for me. Contact info: P.O. Box 30010, Spokane, WA. 99223

--Spit

Disconnected #1

tabloid, newsprint, 24 pages

It's starts out lame, the inside front cover is totally blank, what a stupid waste of paper. The fact that it's a first issue is no excuse, they could've given free ads to bands or something worthy and uncorporate. Then the editor Jason writes this awesome column about some red neck high schools mascot. I totally agree that using the name Savages shouldn't be accompanied with a representation of any ethnic group. Then Brook writes this column about her dislike of snobs, which I can relate to, but chooses to identify them with a certain ethnic group, lame. And to top it off Jason complains about being called a fag but then goes on to explain that he uses that word a lot, what a hypocrite. Interviews with the Misfits, A.F.I., Sick of it All, and The Boils. Contact info: P.O. Box 4692, Pocatello, ID. 83205-4692.

--Spit

Skratch March 2000

8 1/2" x 11", newsprint w/ glossy cover, 64 pages

A very pro like magazine. This issue is mostly made up of interviews and lots and lots of ads. Except for the cover, the first 8 pages are all ads. There are some excellent interviews with Suicide Machines, Tiger Army, the Pine Hurst Kids and others. There are a lot of reviews, each with a picture of the album, I thought that was cool. Also included is a memorial page to Social Distortion guitarist Dennis Danell who died on February 9th. This zine isn't afraid to talk with major label punk bands, so if that's not your kick then I suggest not getting this one, otherwise it's a pretty cool zine. The only thing I really didn't like was that there was no page from the editor. Contact info: PMB #223, 17300 17th St. Ste. J, Tustin, CA. 92780. Email: scottskratch@earthlink.net

--Spit

Zine Guide #3

8 1/2" x 11", newsprint w/ glossy cover, 160 pages, \$6.00 ppd

This is the ultimate in zine guides!! Absolutely! Every zine that I have heard about or read is in here. This is important if we are going to keep it real. We find the zines that talk to us and we read them. This zine on zines has been thought out very well. To find a zine look it up alphabetical. But if you don't know the full scoop, you can look up a zine by Band/Musician, Person, Place, or Record Label. Pretty hot. Contact info: POB 5467, Evanston, IL 60204. Email: zineguide@interaccess.com.

--Iggy

Tail Spin #33

8 1/2" x 11", newsprint w/ glossy cover, 128 pages, \$4.00 ppd

Sweeeet! Tail Spin has all the shit! A huge music review section (ear shit to our readers) makes this a joy to read. Great band reviews and an interesting piece on bus station violence. Because of the volume of music reviews, be prepared to read awhile or place this fine publication in the commode library for those visits to the relief station. Contact info: POB 1860, Evanston, IL 60204. Email: tailspin@interaccess.com.

--Iggy

EAR CRAP

7 Inch

Hellkrusher/Präparation H – *Cincinnati Meets Newcastle* split 7" (Wicked Witch)



I don't know when this came out but that doesn't matter. Hellkrushers' two songs, "Vision From The Third World" and, "Fuck Authority" are two crusty gems, chalk full of angst, they emit amass of wild energy. Präparation H are very glam punk looking like the New York Dolls but their sound is a little heavier. They were all right but weren't that good.

--Spit

CD

Amen - Amen (Roadrunner)

A couple of months ago I just needed to see something heavy and live. Unfortunately, the show I went to turned into a guitar-wank-fest. Nothing against the occasional, obligatory self indulgent, guitar wankin' solo, but wankin' should be used as a garnish not the whole fuckin' salad! What those bands lacked live, the band Amen's self titled release on Roadrunner records has in monster-semi-truck loads, with minimal wankin'. Instructions for optimal listening: (1) smoke a bowl (2) turn it up loud! Step one being much more important than step two...as a matter of fact just continually smoke pot throughout listening. Amen is a five piece from Hollywood and from the opening sheet-metal-factory guitar wails of cut #1 I'm hooked (refer to step 1). A few of the tracks have that over-produced L.A. metal sound, otherwise producer Ross Robinson (Sepultura) has achieved that brick/razorblade/sandpaper-sooper-doooper-heavy sound and Black Sabbath stoner-friendliness.

--boB

Amendment Eighteen – *All My Heroes Are Dead* LP (New Age)

Pure blistering hardcore like it was in the mid 80's before the metal guitar sound infiltrated punk. These guys are one of the most refreshing bands today. I just love hardcore ala BGK & Social Unrest, these guys are right in that vein.

--Spit

AFI – *Black Sails in the Sunset* (Nitro)

AFI is back. Melodic or not, they know how to play punk. AFI is the bridge between the Old School and Melodic punk sounds. They created many of the hooks and sounds that others have used. The make straight-ahead punk tunes and they can make the sing-a-long songs popular with the masses. AFI shows are renowned for their intensity and honesty. They play from the heart and it shows. Have you had your daily dosage of AFI?

--Iggy



Brutal Truth -- *Goodbye, Cruel World* (Relapse)

Two discs from BT. Live and bonus tracks add up to 56 tracks. The sound is brutal and the truth is raw. You get it. If you don't – next time you get a scab, sandpaper it. BT shows why they are so good. This CD makes me wanna run out and see a BT show. They don't take prisoners. They don't compromise. They are original. I throw cascading superlatives on them. So don't

--Iggy

spare the rod OR spoil the child.

Diesel Boy – *Sofa King Cool* (Honest Don's)

Power pop tinged with punk describes the Diesel Boy sound. Though not totally anemic, I confess I was in the mood for more punk. So for the power pop people out there, this SF band is for you. Although I have to admit for some road traveling, these guys are great.

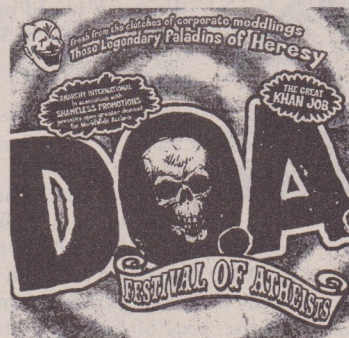
--Iggy



The Dillinger Escape Plan – *Calculating Infinity* (Relapse)

Thrash? Speed? Industrial? Noise? I can't tell. But I know it is mostly fast, furious and intense. The Dillinger Escape Plan leave you no place to escape to. The sounds will follow you into the other room. It will dig deep into your psyche and haunt you like Freddie Kruger. TDEP shed light on all the dark recesses of our thoughts and feelings. They dredge up the putrid, vial events in your lives that give evil a capital E like Nausea with Stephen Kings lyrics.

--Iggy



D.O.A. – *Festival of Atheists* (Sudden Death)

You know 'em. You love them. D.O.A. are gods. But then again ... Anyway, D.O.A. have mastered the three-piece punk band format. Though sometimes they drift too far into the pop zone, I still listen. No don't get me wrong, I'm not the kind of person with one of those Punk Lists of Do's and Don't's. You know the sort

who say stuff like, "Punks don't get married." "Punks don't own cars." "Punks don't wash clothes." "Punks only drink the cheapest beer." "Punks don't learn to play their instruments." That's not me or D.O.A.

--Iggy



Four Letter Word – *A Nasty Piece of Work* (BYO)

Blazing out of the UK comes Four Letter Word. Should I just kiss their asses and say I find them reaffirming? No garage recording here, mate. Clean, clear and LOUD! FLW play it somewhere between Old School and New. Rugged vocals and tidal waves of guitar flood out of my speakers. One of the quotes in the CD insert was a Latin phrase. It goes "All things change, and we must change with

them." FLW has kept true to the punk sound and yet has changed to keep current. Turn this up in your beat up Toyota B210 and drive through the richest neighbor hood you know. Yea, I mean you.

-- Iggy

God Hates Computers – *Don't Give Up the Ship* (Red Alert)

Garage Punk is alive and well in Portland, Oregon in the guise of God Hates Computers. This band sounds like shit until you get the volume way up. Then you'll get it. They aren't your background punk ensemble. They

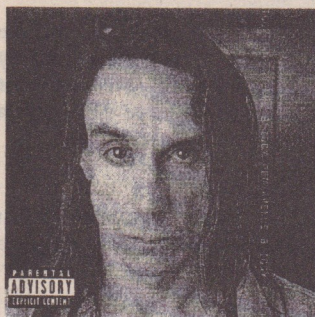


are the louder-than-hell band. GHC's street sound is tamed a bit by the studio. Still I felt like something was missing. Maybe their live shows kick ass. So come to town.

--Iggy

Iggy Pop – Avenue B (Virgin)
Don Was produced Iggy's latest CD. Don Was is legendary as is Iggy. Iggy of The Stooges; Original Glam hanger on; writer of China Girl; man in his own universe. If I wasn't getting paid for this, I'd wouldn't have listened. Hey, wait I don't get paid to do this! Fuck! I just listened to the Loungey Iggy bitch about something or other. I think I've lost it. But then I am certain Iggy has.

--Iggy



Jon Cougar Concentration Camp – Hot Shit (BYO)

Ok you couldn't have picked a better title than this. This IS Hot Shit! JCCC pulls off another sonic coup de tat. They never let up. *Hot Shit* is a constant onslaught of sound. If you like it hard, er, you're punk that is, then Jon Cougar Concentration Camp is the place to be.

--Iggy

The Load Levelers – A Half Step Flat (Ain't That a Rat's Ass)

When the Load Levelers want to shake the shack, they do. They do

punk with a tip of the hat to Cow Punk. They give it their all. The five songs on this 7-inch are a party. Yee Haa!

--Iggy



Quick 66 – Forever and a Day (Quick 66)

Not everyday you get to see the birth of a legend. In this case, hear the birth of a legend. I can say my ears were there. Quick 66 is the authentic shit. No hype. You want punk? They deliver punk in with pile driver ferocity. Punk that is hard and fast. Audio punches that don't stop. You can't resist the mayhem. Don't you miss these legends.

--Iggy

Skunk Anasie – Post Orgasmic Chill (Virgin)

Slick metal? Check your preconceived notions at the door. Open your ears. Slap the disc in the tray. Play it loud. Play it louder. Play it even louder. The walls are shaking. The pictures begin to fall. I sit untouched in the eye of the hurricane. It ends and

leaves me as I was before. My emotions are the same as before. My thoughts unchanged or unconfirmed. I put the nice little CD back in the jewel case. This must be metal for my mom.

--Iggy

SNFU – The Ping Pong EP (Alternative Tentacles)

We have been saved. Pass the word along. SNFU put out an EP to save the whole world! It's about god damned time! They know how to make my day. In true punk fashion just when you think they are down, they pop up and put out another stellar performance on vinyl. For those of you who don't know SNFU from The Rehabs, listen to this EP.

--Iggy

Teen Idols – Pucker Up! (Honest Don's)

Teen Idols are not hardcore. I just needed to say that. They do have a knack for blending punk, rockabilly, and pop for a sound that really makes me think of X. But like an updated X. Furious and yet contained enough to get you moving. If this is what Tennessee has to offer, give me more.

--Iggy

The Undisputed Heavyweight Champions – The Undisputed Heavyweight Champions (Beer City)

When they say, Heavyweight," they mean HEAVYWEIGHT! Hard. Fast. A relentless pummeling of body blows and head slams is their audio pugilistic strategy. (Say what?) What I mean is that UHC don't let up. They come at you again and again. No melodic punk here, UHC wants you to get on your boxing gloves, put in your mouthpiece, and put up your dukes.

--Iggy

V/A – Breaking The Cultural Curfew 7" (Beer City)

6 songs with 6 killer punk rock bands from Israel!! Public Domain, Kuku Bloff Ve' Haitushim, Rampage, 911 Pigs, Useless I.D., and Nekhei Naatza are all totally excellent. Not one of them sound like each other, from the semi-melodic Rampage to the straight up punk rock of 911 Pigs, they all show the depth of the Israeli punk scene.

--Spit



VA -- Killed BY Death Volume 40 (Killed By Death)

The Killed By Death series is a nice survey of other country's punk scenes. Like any survey kinda thing, it is uneven. Some of the songs could be done by eight-year-olds with instruments. But then each of these songs is punk and is raw. Who

needs to know what the words are? Who needs to know the context? The rage and music come through with shining brilliance. For another comp. that surveys the scene, try the Bloodstains series. The releases all beginning with Bloodstains Across ... You know, Bloodstains Across Belgium; Bloodstains Across Australia, etc.

--Iggy

Where Fear and Weapons Meet – The Weapon (Revelation)

WF&WM make their own brand of hardcore music but not as rough as NYC would have it. Not as metallic as LA would extrude it. Yet sometimes the other kind of porridge is just right. WF&WM compliment this gloomy day of steady drizzle with the soundtrack of the day. I am in a hardcore Fellini movie and the jerks on the freeway are out to cut me off and force me into road rage and my boss tells me the stuff due next week is due tomorrow. My best friend is moving to the Midwest. The washing machine broke with all my underwear in it. WF&WM you know how fucked I feel. Let's drink shots of bleach and ammonia together!

--Iggy





"Leave Me Alone"

by Spit

Poxy began about 3 years ago. After various line-up changes the band currently consist of Nils on bass, Andy on guitar, Travis on vocals, Herb on guitar, and Josh on the drums. At the time of this interview and just before we went to press, Jerome left the band to pursue other interests, hence his picture on the next page.

Last year they released their first full length CD, "The Very End" on A.D.D. Records. Originally Tribal War was supposed to put out a 7" for them, but the aspect of a delay didn't appeal to the band. After hooking up with A.D.D. they all agreed to put out a CD. It is titled *Calling from the Dark Side of the Nation*. The CD and LP are slated to be released in June.

I sat down one afternoon with Nils, Andy, and Travis at Belltown toxic tank, The Rendezvous. I tell ya, the drinks are so strong there, when I walked out of the place I was absolutely obliterated!!

To contact Poxy write 313 27th Ave. S., Seattle, WA 98144.
Email: poxypunk@yahoo.com

CRUD: In the past you've been quoted as saying you guys were trying to bring back the Oil English punk thing.

NILS: That's already back. We're not trying to bring back anything, we're just trying to...

ANDY: Do our own thing.

NILS: We're on a different level though actually. We don't mean to sound like stuck-up or anything but our style is a little different than a lot of the styles going on. We're more metal-ly, maybe more in the old Seattle sort of way. Bands that I think we could have played with back in the day would be the Accused & the Jesters of Chaos. It's good British heavy hardcore. We've all decided that our sound is, we're not heavy metal but we're not just straight up punk rock - we're heavy punk!

CRUD: Heavy punk?

NILS: We're gonna start the new heavy punk trend.

CRUD: You're gonna scare some punks away with that M word. That metal word.

NILS: That's their own deal to deal with 'cause metal is very...

ANDY:...anybody can fuck off that doesn't like it.

NILS: Yeah, we all love metal, I've got an Iron Maiden tattoo (laughs).

ANDY: (sarcastically) As soon as I'm done with this interview I'm going to buy a Metallica shirt.

CRUD: What do you guys think of the scene here in the Seattle area?

NILS: Honestly?

CRUD: Yeah.

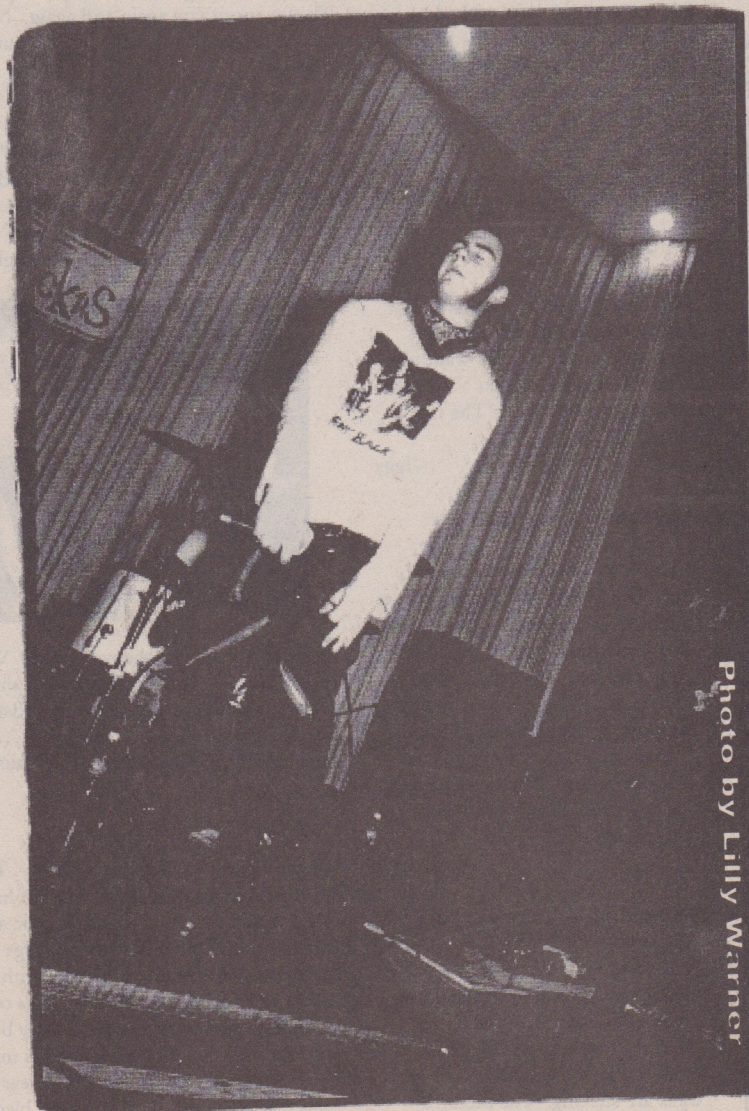
NILS: Band wise I think the northwest has the best scene out. We got the best bands coming out of the northwest.

ANDY: We were over on the east coast and it wasn't like we thought it would be.

NILS: The scene out on the east coast is good. The people have told me it's dying out there. It's still got really good bands. Personally most of my favorite bands right now are coming out of the northwest. Not to say that the east coast doesn't have good bands 'cause I love a lot of the bands on the east coast.

CRUD: Why'd you choose the title, "The Very End"?

NILS: We'll, we needed a title for our CD. There's a lot of songs that have to do with war on the CD and it matched the cover. The song has to do with that.



CRUD: What's "Sedated Control" about?

TRAVIS: I saw a special one day on how in this country they can take people and label them as criminally insane. Even though these are normal people, have families, have jobs, they live normally but they might do one thing out of place and then those people are put in a hospital. I think they said last year that 250 people died in these facilities from neglect. They were strapped onto beds where they basically died in their own feces from disease or they wouldn't be fed and they'd just leave 'em in rooms to go more insane. I know a lot of the cases, that's why I wrote the song 'cause I thought it was fucked up.

CRUD: Where was this happening?

ANDY: In mental institutions around the U.S. There is one down the street from my house.

NILS: I guess all the crazy people in Seattle probably die from neglect too 'cause they're all homeless.

CRUD: Do you write a lot about topics of neglect?

NILS: I guess you could say that, some of our songs are, our old songs are definitely about alienation, about how we're alienated as punks ya know. I don't think there's anything wrong with that

Poxy's Travis feels it at the HUB Ballroom

personally. Some of our newer stuff talks about more obvious things in America that nobody ever really sings about. He (Travis) wrote a song called, "Calling from The Dark Side of the Nation" which is about (Nils says that last line prompting Travis)

TRAVIS: It took off from the whole Columbine Massacre thing but it's not exactly directed at that. There are a whole bunch of things that go with it, like how the media blew it up and fed off of it and just kept going with it, that's why there's so many copycat's and why shit happened with schools. I go to school right now and a week after it happened we had somebody write a note saying, "Don't think it won't happen to you" and listed seven dates which it could possibly (happen). Basically the song is about how people see something and they're like, "Oh man, I should go do that now." It's stupid bullshit how the media hyped it up so all these kids followed it instead of actually seeing what was wrong with it.

NILS: We have this new one...

TRAVIS: We got a new one called, "We're All Expendable". It's about how when an official dies, like when John F. Kennedy Jr. died it was on every paper in the U.S. and how if I would've croaked today it wouldn't be in the paper, nobody would really care. But if someone is all high and mighty, even though another person could fill in and take their place, everyone's gonna hype up their death more than anybody else's. We can all do jobs but when one person has one that's higher than somebody else and something happens to them everybody blows it up as a bigger deal than if somebody lower than them dies.

NILS: They'll hype up people who you've never even heard about unless you're paying a lot of attention to the media. Usually when you hear about somebody dying you don't really care. When I heard about Queen Elizabeth dying I didn't really think much about it, I was like, O.K. wow. It wasn't Queen Elizabeth...

CRUD: It was Princess Diana.

NILS: It never struck me, I just never really thought about it. The same thing with anybody else dying, nobody should be so important that just when they die people go all crazy like when presidents die. When John F. Kennedy died, everybody freaked out about that. It's like, so what. He put himself in the spot where he knew he could get shot. Presidents should know that sort of thing, they're one thing assassins wanna take out.

CRUD: Personal responsibility? Don't cry over 'em if they fuck up and die because of it?

NILS: Yeah, you should expect it.

TRAVIS: I think a lot of our lyrics are about shit that we feel should be said instead of taking typical things that everybody else has written about.

NILS: If you've ever turned on the TV and seen one of these evangelist shows, you can see these people asking for money to help people. Everybody knows this but you can totally look at them and tell they're

funny 'cause they've got wigs on, they all have tons of makeup, they might have their poodle on the show. It's sickening, you look at them and I sometimes think about what the idea of the devil is like to religions people - what the devil would actually look like and I look at this guy sometimes and this guy's got the most whitest hair possible, he's evil as hell, he's got the most golden and shiny clothing on. The woman looks evil, she's got so much makeup that it probably really stinks to sit next to her.

ANDY: Looks like a fuckin' Barbie Doll.

NILS: Yeah, like a really ugly Barbie Doll. You could totally tell that a lot of the money is going to them. Religion is bullshit, all this shit for money for God and stuff - I don't know - I've just never believed in any religion of any sort, after I grew up. (at the time of the interview Nils is 20)

CRUD: When did you grow up?

NILS: When I was young I went to church all the time. Everybody does that sometimes. My parents were religious, they've kind of fell out of it too.

CRUD: The hypocrisy of Christianity is totally apparent.

NILS: They're some politicians that are trying to establish prayer in school, they don't think about anybody but themselves. You tell somebody you don't believe in God and they tell you you're going to hell. What worries me is that they think you're

evil or a bad person just 'cause you don't have faith.

ANDY: You see those guys up on Broadway and they have those big ass signs with fire on them and they're like, "Repent or perish". It's like, what are ya trying to do, scare people or something?

NILS: They won't leave you alone sometimes. If you don't want to hear somebody, you tell 'em, "I don't wanna hear it!" total Minor Threat (we all laugh). You tell somebody that and then they won't leave you alone sometimes.

CRUD



Photo by Lilly Warner

Ex-Poxy guitarist Jerome pushes the sonic envelope



Photo by Lilly Warner

Poxy (L to R) Jerome (guitar), Nils (guitar), Josh (drums), Travis

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